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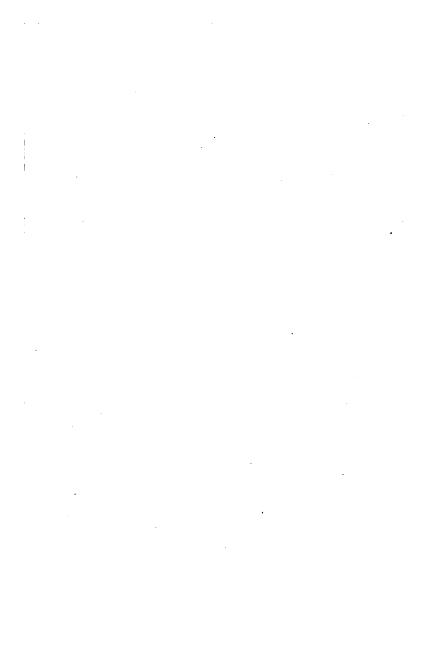
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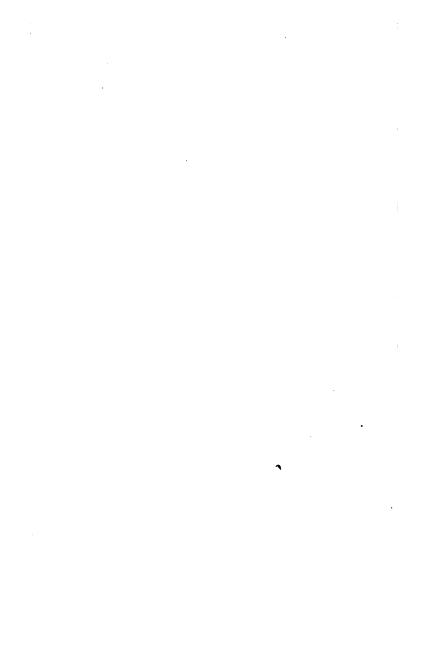
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Sketches of Short Tours.

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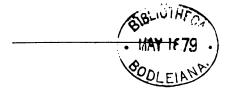
## Sketches of Short Cours

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY

#### REV. T. H. CLARK, M.A.,

CLIFTON.



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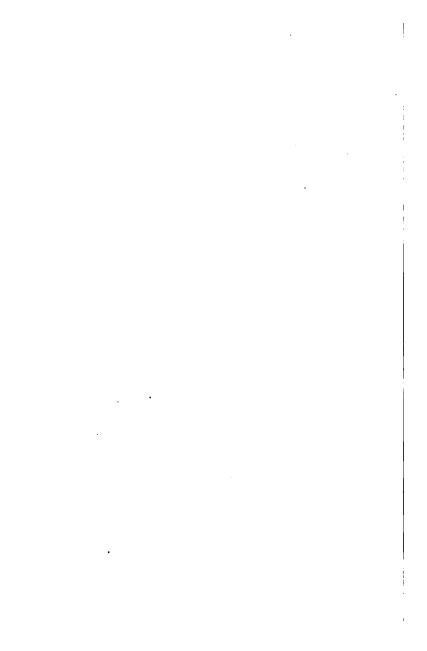
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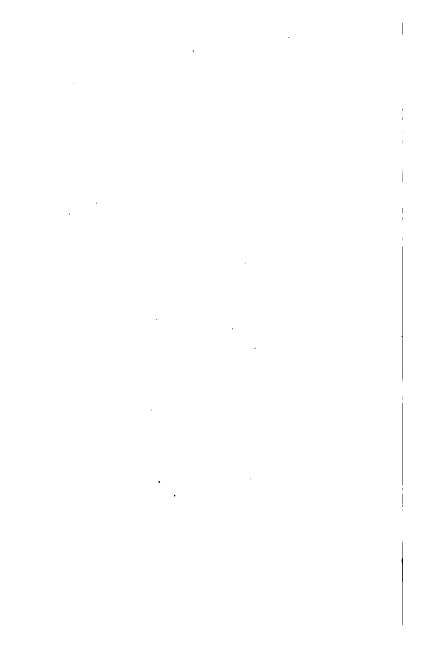


It is thought that the following Sketches of Short Tours may possibly possess some interest for the Public. Most of them have already appeared in the Clifton Chronicle, and the rest in the Times and Mirror, with the signature of "Viator."\*

T. H. C.

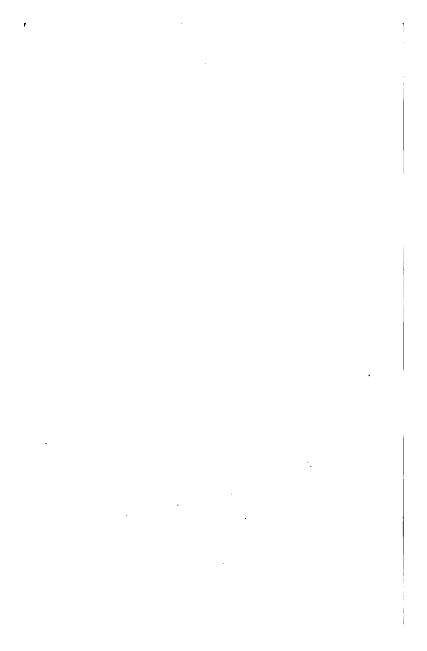
CLIFTON, October, 1878.

<sup>•</sup> The proceeds of the sale of this Work (without any deduction for expenses of printing, &c.,) will be given to the Building Fund of the New Clifton Church Room, Royal York Crescent.



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### SKETCHES OF SHORT TOTTES

#### ERRATA.

Page 40 line 12—For "L'Elac" read "L'Etac."

" 85 " 27—For "Silviplana" read "Silvaplana."

" 198 " 2—For "Ripton" read "Ripon."

" 217 " 24—Insert comma after Franklin.

at one. After attending afternoon service at the Cathedral, we took the train to Exmouth. From this place a very extensive view of the Devonshire coast is obtained. We resolved, however, to make for Dawlish

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# SKETCHES OF SHORT TOURS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

#### A WEEK'S TOUR THROUGH SOUTH DEYON AND CORNWALL.

1868.

calling a tour could hardly be made in so short a time as a week, through such an extent of country. It may, however, be interesting to some of your readers to learn how it was accomplished.

Leaving Bristol by the Government train on a Tuesday morning, we arrived in Exeter at one. After attending afternoon service at the Cathedral, we took the train to Exmouth. From this place a very extensive view of the Devonshire coast is obtained. We resolved, however, to make for Dawlish

that night, and availing ourselves of the ferry boat we crossed to the other side of the Exe, and walked by the seaside to Dawlish, which is generally acknowledged to be one of the prettiest places in South Devon, the peculiar feature being the stream which runs through it from the hills behind.

Wednesday.—After a delightful bathe, and a run of three miles by train to Teignmouth, we again took advantage of a ferry-boat, after sending our bags on by train, and walked in the direction of Torquay. We tarried, of course, at the romantic bay of Babbicombe. We visited Whatcombe and Anstis coves by boat, and should have gone by water to Torquay had the wind been in our favour. As it was, we went by land, past the Bishop's Palace, and found comfortable quarters at the Imperial.

Thursday.—After viewing this charming and favourite place of resort from different points, we took the train to Dartmouth. When we had visited the church, and the castle at the mouth of the harbour, we waited for the steamer to take us up the Dart to Totnes. The foliage of the wooded banks of the beautifully winding river is lovely, and I was told

that above Totnes there are rocks resembling to a certain extent those on the Wye. From Totnes we took the train to Plymouth.

FRIDAY.—After visiting St. Andrew's Church and the far-famed "Hoe," we were rowed across to Mount Edgecumbe, but our stay in this charming spot was short, as we wished to take advantage of an excursion steamer which was going up the Tamar to the Morwell rocks. We passed the northern harbour with its five or six mast and other iron-clads, and after steaming under the gigantic bridge at Saltash, we found ourselves approaching the part where the beauties of the Tamar begin to appear. On our return to Saltash we took the train to Truro, and thus passed into Cornwall.

Saturday.—Taking a boat down the Fal, which is as pretty as any of the Devonshire rivers, we saw Woodbury, where the sainted Henry Martyn was born, and also the seat of Viscount Falmouth. At length we reached the famous harbour of Falmouth. Here we took the omnibus for Helstone, and at the latter place were transferred to one which was going to Penzance. We left it at Marazion to visit the famed St. Michael's Mount. A boat quickly took us from its hallowed precincts to

the harbour of Penzance. This place is beautifully situated. The eye is charmed with the view of St. Michael's Mount standing out in the blue waters of the bay, and with the sight of the rocky line of coast beyond, while the verdant and wooded hills dotted with white cottages form a pleasing amphitheatre behind.

Sunday.—We worshipped at the principal church, which has a very conspicuous tower, and stands just behind the harbour. Cornwall is the garden of Methodism, and in Penzance there is one of the most flourishing Wesleyan congregations in the kingdom.

Monday.—Took a trap before breakfast and went to the Land's End by Lamorna (near which the ill-fated Rhone was wrecked) and the Logan Rock. No description can give an adequate idea of the grand beauty of the scenery in this remote corner of our island. Returned to Penzance by another route, in time to avail ourselves of an excursion steamer in the afternoon, which was to sail by Mount St. Michael and Kynance Cove to the Lizard. It is hardly necessary to state that two-thirds of the passengers were miserably ill, but I suppose few would have liked to miss the trip.

Tuesday.—Returned to Bristol by rail. No elaborate description of scenery nor any amusing or interesting details have been attempted, but the above notes may be a guide to some future traveller. We had a route sketched out for us by a friend, to which we adhered pretty faithfully, though not slavishly. We were pleased with the appearance and manner of the people, and the poorest children seemed to be well cared for. If the above sketch of a tour, which was most interesting to ourselves, be thought worthy of insertion, it may induce others to follow in our footsteps, and they may thus have the same enjoyment.

#### A WEEK'S TOUR IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

1869.

HE tour of the Isle of Wight is so well known, and the best way of making it has been so fully described, that it may seem unnecessary to offer any further remarks upon it; but it may be useful to some to have condensed in a few lines the way in which the island may be seen to advantage.

We reached Ryde on Monday evening, taking the steamer from Southampton, which touches first at Cowes; in this way a good view is obtained of Osborne from the water.

There are several objects of interest in Southampton itself, and as you steam down the Southampton-water you get a peep of Netley Abbey, and an excellent view of the magnificent Netley Hospital, one of the largest buildings in Europe.

Leaving Ryde by train, on Tuesday morning, we stopped at Brading, and made a short

pilgrimage to the cottage and grave of "Little Jane," who has been immortalised by Legh Richmond in his "Annals of the Poor." We then took the train to Sandown, a most pleasing and increasing watering-place, standing on a lovely bay. We much enjoyed the walk along the shore from this place to Shanklin; and after walking through the famous "Chine," or chasm, produced by the continued action of a small rivulet, we proceeded along the cliffs and through the wild romantic scenery of the "Landslip," to Bonchurch and Ventnor.

On Wednesday morning, as our time was limited, and my companion was not a very good walker, we took a carriage for two days (a very common practice in the island), and our first day's route lay through the beautiful scenery of the Undercliff to Black-gang Chine, and through Brixton to Alum Bay, where you have a view of the Needles. On our way, we visited St. Lawrence (said to be the smallest church in England), and ascended St. Catherine's Hill, the highest point in the island. We descended the Chine, and when we reached the shore, we saw some of the coast-guard with an officer going out to sea in a small boat, and one of them informed us

that they went out every day, for three months, to ascertain the temperature of the The officer had not told the men why they did it, but it was suggested to me by some one who was on the shore that it had to do with the Gulf Stream. I thought it was a pity the reason had not been mentioned why they went out each day, as they would in that case have done their work more heartily and intelligently. The church of Brixton is interesting from the fact that Bishop Ken and the present Bishop of Oxford once had the living, which is now in the possession of Dr. Moberly, late head master of Winchester.\* At Chale Church, near Black-gang, Dr. Pusey has a house, and in the church there is a pulpit elaborately carved, the work of a young lady.

On Thursday the carriage took us to Newport, tarrying at Carisbrooke to enable us to visit the castle and the Roman villa. In the afternoon we drove to Arreton, to see the cottage and the grave of the Dairyman's Daughter, and were interested to see lying open on a shelf in the side aisle of the church

Now Bishop of Salisbury.

three volumes of "Fox's Book of Martyrs," ordered at one time to be displayed in all churches. We went that evening by rail to Cowes, which is a very gay and busy place in the yachting season.

On Friday morning the glorious sunshine tempted us to bathe from a boat before breakfast, and we afterwards sailed up the river Medina to Whippingham Church, which is a unique and handsome structure, erected under the superintendence of the late Prince Consort. We proceeded thence on foot to Wooton Bridge and Quarr Abbey, passing several of the gates of Osborne, and soon reached once more the town of Ryde, having avoided the turnpike road throughout our walk.

Thus the tour of the island was easily and pleasantly accomplished in four days. Finding, however, that we could remain another day or two, we revisited Bonchurch, which is one of the most charming spots in the island. It has been well described as a combination of wood and water, of rock and dell, of lawny slopes and blossoming gardens, of Italian skies and sunny seas, the beauty being enhanced by the majestic shadow of the lofty downs. The

features of the south of the island are totally different from those of the north side. On the north the land slopes to the margin of the sea, woods and meadows stretching to the water's edge, but on the southern side you have a precipitous barrier of cliff. On arriving at Bonchurch, we took a boat to Luccombe Chine, which is best seen from the water, as also Bonchurch and the neighbourhood. view on land from the highest point Bonchurch, looking down towards Ventnor. can hardly be equalled anywhere. The quiet hotel is in a charming situation, and a most suitable spot in which to spend the Sunday. We had a striking sermon from the Dean of Carlisle in the morning from the words "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." From these words he was led to speak of the identity of the human heart among all the races of the world, the same vices appearing everywhere, and the same capability of receiving the Gospel. Thus we had an argument for a common origin, and a motive to missionary exertion.

After church in the evening, we had the privilege of walking through the private grounds of Dr. Leeson, of Pulpit Rock House,

who generally allows strangers to see them. On this occasion a mutual friend introduced us to him, and he kindly became our escort. The gardens, which occupy an area of fifty acres, were pronounced by the Prince of Wales to be the most beautiful he had seen. The natural rock, overgrown with verdure and flowers, lends them a peculiar charm. The fernery is most exquisite and varied, and we were informed that many of the geraniums had flourished in the beds throughout the winter. Miss Sewell, the authoress, has a house here.

Leaving the island on Monday morning, we spent the day at Portsmouth and slept at Southsea. We sailed up the harbour and saw some of the finest vessels, though we found ourselves unpleasantly near one of the shots fired from the practising ship, which went through a canvas target at which it was aimed. After this we visited the dockyard; few vessels are being built, as it is found better to get the work done by private firms. The working of the block machinery is a most interesting sight. By the aid of four machines one man turns out a block in a perfect state in a very few minutes. We went on board

the Serapis, a magnificent troopship, lately employed to carry out emigrants.

On Tuesday morning we took the train to Bristol, passing Porchester Castle, which stands at the head of Portsmouth Harbour. The date is unknown, but it is supposed to have been built in the first century.

## A SHORT TOUR IN DEYON AND CORNWALL.

#### 1871.

HREE years ago you inserted an account of a tour taken by me through parts of Devon and Cornwall.

It may be interesting to your readers to hear how the remaining portions of these lovely counties were visited this year.

Torquay was for a time my place of abode, to which I was carried by the quickest of express trains. It is certainly a charming place, built, I believe, on seven hills, and consequently is liable, in this respect at least, to be spoken of as a modern Babylon. For its population (upwards of 20,000), it stands on more ground, and pays more income-tax, than any place in the kingdom. It is a mistake to suppose that it is much hotter than other places in summer. We found even Beacon Terrace (or Frying-pan Row, as it is called,) quite cool this "dripping June," though if the

weather had been warmer we might have been partially frizzled. We became acquainted with the new cut or drive which skirts the cliff overlooking the sea, and the deep valley which lies between. Many are naturally nervous on going this drive, as the road is unprotected. Carriages are only allowed to enter through a gate at one end.

Kent's Cavern, which is in this neighbourhood, was duly explored, and we found that excavations are still being carried on at the expense of the British Association.

It is proposed to make Torquay more of a summer residence, by providing additional facilities for bathing. A new pier has recently been completed, and I was glad to find that, at present, no charge is made for walking upon it on Sunday, which gives the collector a day of rest, and the public are benefited. The good example set at the Clifton Down Hotel and at the Imperial, Exmouth, and others, of dining at five on Sunday, is not followed at the Imperial, Torquay, though it was tried for a short time. The new harbour here seems to be popular with yacht owners.

The Church and the different denominations are busy erecting new schools, and have escaped the necessity of a School Board. An Errand Boys' Association has lately been established here. The boys go errands in the morning, and have school afternoon and evening.

The tomb of the late Bishop of Exeter, in the churchyard of St. Mary Church, consists of a solid upright block of Dartmoor granite, with a faint cross in relief upon it, and round the base on three sides are the words, "Phillpotts, Henry of Exeter, Bishop."

I made one or two excursions when at Torquay. Driving to Teignmouth Bridge, I took a boat up the Teign, which is thought by many to be as pretty as any of the Devonshire rivers. The great charm of this river is the distant view of the Dartmoor hills which you have all the way up.

The next day I took the early train to Plymouth and Tavistock, and after driving from the latter place to Dartmoor Prison, I had a pleasant walk along the river into Moreton Hampstead, where I took the train, thus returning to Torquay late in the evening. There is no coach as yet this year between Tavistock and Moreton Hampstead, as it did not answer last season.

While at Torquay I visited Berry Pomeroy Castle, near Totnes, the most extensive ruins in Devonshire, and beautifully situated. I was also pleased with Compton Castle, which is in the same neighbourhood.

But I must now proceed to describe how, in company with a friend, I saw the west coast of Cornwall.

Taking the train to Bideford, we there joined the Bude coach, which runs three times a week each way, and had a charming drive through the valley of the Torridge and over the hills, till we crossed the same river again, much diminished in breadth, many miles beyond. We had interesting fellow-travellers. Two young ladies had left a Clifton school very early in the morning, for their summer holiday, and a young Englishman who had been in New York fourteen years, and had become a citizen there, had returned to England for a short time to see his old father before he died. It was interesting to hear his remarks as old scenes associated with his boyhood came one after another into view: and it was more interesting still to see the greeting which welcomed him as he descended from the coach near his old home. I understood him to say, as we went along, that the Americans had not yet learnt the art of road-making. We had a fine sea at Bude. The cliffs and outlying rocks present a grand and gloomy appearance all along the coast. We were told that the Bishop of London was coming here for two months, to a house belonging to Mr. Maskell, who has lately returned to the English Church.

The next morning we had a walk by the fields to Stratton, and, as our time was limited, we took a conveyance to Kilkhampton. The road is uphill all the way, and fine views are obtained. The church is very interesting in itself, and it was here that Hervey framed his "Meditations among the Tombs." Over the stone arch of the lych gate there is this inscription—"Porta Cœli, 1567." The lych gate is very frequently found in Devonshire, and here there is also a slab of stone on which the coffin may be deposited.

Returning by a different route nearer the coast, we were put down within a mile and a half of Bude, and had a pleasant walk home.

In the afternoon we hired a conveyance to Boscastle, taking the road by the sea. As we looked back, the Beacon at Bude—a lofty cliff capped by a mound—could be seen almost the whole way. Boscastle is prettily situated in a deep valley, and a short walk takes you past the little harbour to the open sea. There is a capital inn here, and the horses and conveyances are excellent.

We had thought of walking the next morning to the far-famed Castle of Tintagel, but, as it was rather wet and the distance longer than we expected, we took a conveyance to the village of Tintagel, and strolled down to the beach, over which frowns King Arthur's Castle. After ascending with little difficulty the lofty promontory, we viewed the ruins, which boast of an antiquity of 1300 years, and are scattered over the soft turf, which is literally covered with the sea pink. There is a grand view from this place of the cliffs and distant promontories, but nothing strikes the traveller more than the beautiful colour of the sea, especially if he has been accustomed to view it day after day at Weston, longing for the muddy water to assume for a time a more azure tint. Of course we sat on King Arthur's solid chair of stone, which is placed just on the brink of a tremendous precipice, and is

well covered with the marks of those who in different ages have visited the ruins.

The rain and the shortness of our time prevented our viewing some of the other objects of interest usually embraced in a visit to Tintagel.

We had originally intended to return to Bideford by the way we came, but thinking it desirable to vary the route, we took a conveyance to Launceston. The country through which we passed was not very interesting, but the road was good. We had a view of the twin heights of Brown Willy and Rowtor—two remarkable elevations of granite, situated near each other, between Launceston and Bodmin. They are generally visited from the Jamaica inn.

There are two special objects of interest in Launceston—the castle and the church. The large round tower of the eastle, clothed with ivy, is very conspicuous. The grounds around it seemed to be much used by the public for walking and games. The peculiarity of the church is that it bears on its outside walls a profusion of sculptured ornaments, panels, and letters. The Norman archway of an old priory now forms the doorway of the principal hotel.

I may add that another object of interest has sprung up lately in the form of an elegant Wesleyan chapel, the spire of which quite eclipses the old church tower, near to which it is built, and it is a conspicuous object for many miles.

We left Launceston early in the morning for Okehampton-Road Station, by a first-rate coach drawn by four horses; and when the boy behind blew his horn as we approached the different villages, we were reminded of the old coaching days. We had once more

"The cantering team, the winding way, The roadside halt, the posthorn's well-known air, The inns, the gaping towns, and all the landscape fair."

By this route the people of Launceston save many miles; they would otherwise have to go round by Plymouth in the journey to Bristol or London. It is a beautiful drive, through a rich and undulating country, and towards the end of the journey the coach passes very near the principal Dartmoor hills.

On reaching Okehampton, a railway journey of a few miles brings you to the Bideford and Exeter Railway, near Crediton, which old town we visited, and were much interested with the church. This pleasant tour only lasted four days. A little more time and a little more walking would have rendered it pleasanter still.

After spending Saturday and Sunday at a pleasant vicarage near Barnstaple, I resolved to see Sidmouth on my way back to Torquay. on the Monday. Accordingly, on arriving at the Queen-Street Station, Exeter, I deposited my luggage, and took the train unencumbered to Ottery St. Mary Road. The first station out of Exeter is Broad Clyst, which had always been associated in my mind with the wellknown lines written by the vicar of the place, the Rev. Mr. Marriott, in which marriage is compared to a Devonshire lane, the drift of the poem being to show that marriage has its restraints like the narrow lanes of Devonshire. but that, like the latter, it has also its pleasant. aspect. The next station rejoices in the somewhat peculiar name of Whymple. I may here mention that at most of the stations in Devonshire the gardens are very pretty, and this year there was a great profusion of standard roses.

At Ottery St. Mary Road a coach was waiting to convey passengers to Sidmouth, a pleasant drive of nine miles. As we stopped

at the small town of Ottery St. Mary, there was just time to get a peep at the interesting old church, which is evidently intended to be a partial imitation of the cathedral of the neighbouring city, especially in the west front.

I was much pleased with Sidmouth. The cliffs are very fine, and most of them are partly clothed with verdure; indeed, I was told that early crops of potatoes and wheat were gathered from the steep sides of some of the more distant of them. There is a beautiful promenade along the raised beach. Behind the town, a richly-cultivated valley slopes to the sea between lofty hills, and the houses dotted about here and there present a most picturesque appearance.

I was glad that there was no public conveyance to Budleigh Salterton, as I was led to walk to this place, and can truly say that I never had a more enjoyable expedition. It was a choice day among the many unseasonable ones of this summer. Taking the footpath over Peak Hill by the edge of the cliffs, I obtained a splendid view of the whole vale of Sidmouth, with the cliffs beyond; and descending a pleasant lane was soon brought to the village of Otterton, which is pleasantly

situated on a wooded cliff, under which babbles the Otter, well known to anglers. The church, to my disappointment, had been entirely rebuilt. In this village I saw several young women engaged in making lace at their cottage doors. They told me they could only earn fivepence a day, others might probably earn a little more: if not, it might be desirable, as I suggested, to improve their condition by emigration.

I found a beautiful shady footpath along the ridge of a hill, which led to Budleigh Salterton. Below ran the sparkling waters of the Otter, and at the other side of the river there was a plainly-marked footpath, through somewhat marshy fields, which extended to the sea.

Budleigh Salterton is a quiet little wateringplace, with a very fair esplanade. Many cottage-like houses, with small gardens, are scattered about, presenting a pleasing appearance; and higher up on the hill there is a row of dwelling-houses, sheltered by trees from the sea gales. This place lacks the fine sweep of valley behind, which is the charm of Sidmouth.

As there was no conveyance to Exmouth before evening, I started for another walk,

and after keeping for some time near the cliffs up a steep ascent, struck across the fields for the main road, and again taking a footpath at Littleham Church, which is, I believe, the mother church of Exmouth, soon arrived at the latter place, but just too late to catch the train to Exeter, at which I had been aiming. Betaking myself to the new Imperial Hotel, which is beautifully situated in its own grounds. I telegraphed for my luggage to meet me at Starcross, to which place I crossed in a boat. The luggage did not arrive, but reached me at Torquay the next day, before I had suffered any inconvenience from the want of it. I flattered myself that I had done a fair day's work; and the next day being wet, I sat down to write this somewhat commonplace account of my journeyings.

It is hardly necessary to tell those who know anything of Devonshire that the hedgerows are most luxuriant. There is a great profusion of roses, woodbine, foxglove, and innumerable other wild flowers. Another thing which struck me was the decent appearance of the children. Not one of them begged as we drove along, and none were without shoes and stockings.

I think the quaint old chimneys in this part of the country must always arrest the eye, rising up, as they do, from the ground outside the houses, and getting narrower towards the top. I did not go inside any of the houses to see the chimney-corners.

Most of the people are apparently alive on the subject of emigration. The daughter of the old man who has been the guide to Tintagel for the last fifty years, and who herself sells many photographs each year, will tell you that she is anxious to emigrate.

Nonconformist and Wesleyan chapels abound in Cornwall and Devon, but perhaps one of the most flourishing of the sects just now, in certain parts, is that of the Bible Christians.

### A SHORT TOUR IN SOUTH WALES.

#### 1871.

AVING an invitation to Shrewsbury when at Torquay, I proceeded as follows:—

Breaking the journey at Ross, and sleeping at the Royal Hotel, which is beautifully situated, overhanging the winding Wye, I arrived at Shrewsbury the next morning.

When staying with a friend there, I had an opportunity of seeing the Abbey and Priory of Much Wenlock, which are well worth a visit.

The ruins of Buildwas Abbey are pretty well seen from the train.

I also visited Trokesay Castle, near the Craven Arms, and Ludlow. The church here is one of the largest and finest in England, and contains some very old and fine stained glass. The castle, too, is an interesting object for the tourist.

From this place I proceeded to Swansea by the Central Wales Railway. The first part of the journey is very picturesque. The railway passes. Llandrindod, which is a sort of Welsh Buxton, but the country around is not very interesting.

My resting-place was the Mumbles, which is reached from Swansea by a tramway, said to be the best paying line in England. The Mumbles is certainly a quiet primitive place of resort. I was not able fully to explore the beauties of the neighbourhood, as there was more or less of rain all the time I was there, but I could gather that it is by no means an uninteresting place. The rocky bays which lie beyond it must always be an attraction to the lover of sea-side scenery. There is a chapel here belonging to a remarkable sect, called the Christadelphians, who protest alike against Rome as Babylon, and her twin daughters, the Church of England and the Nonconformists.

Meeting with a companion here, I was glad to make an excursion to St. David's. Accordingly we took a tolerably early train for Haverfordwest. The most interesting object on the road is the Castle of Llanstephan, which, placed on the summit of a bold hill, makes, with the church and village,

a most pleasing picture as seen across the water near the Ferryside Station.

A good view of Carmarthen is obtained from the railway. It is beautifully situated on the north-west bank of the Towy, and presents a striking appearance when viewed from a distance. In this neighbourhood the custom of biddings at weddings prevails. The couple about to be married invite their friends to attend with contributions towards the purchase of articles required by young housekeepers. These gifts are regarded as a debt to be repaid on a similar occasion, if required. It must be a great thing thus to secure really useful presents.

Haverfordwest is a busy, thriving place, and a horse fair was being held the day we were there. The castle and the parade are the chief objects of interest. It happened very conveniently that a sort of omnibus coach was going to St. David's that afternoon. It leaves St. David's every Tuesday and Friday morning, and returns the same day.

The drive is hilly, and not particularly interesting, except as you approach St. Bride's Bay, which the Bishop of that diocese declares to be the finest he has seen after the

Bay of Naples. The coach descends to the Bay, and drives for some little distance behind a sort of pebble ridge, reminding me a little of Westward Ho!

St. David's is in itself a very poor place, about a mile from the sea, and all the interest is concentrated in the Cathedral, which is now being restored at great cost. The mosaics lately placed in the east window are somewhat unique. The ruins of the Palace here are very large and imposing. From what I could gather, the Cathedral here exerts very little influence among the people, and a new chapel has just been built close to it.

We had thought of walking back part of the way, but as neither the weather nor the road were very inviting, we drove into Haverford and took the train to the ferry, near Milford, where we found a steamer to convey us to Pembroke Docks.

We did not tarry to inspect the interesting ship-building yards, as it was wet; but we much enjoyed our view of Pembroke Castle. The grand old round tower, with its roof still upon it, presents a most imposing appearance. My friend, being more adventurous than myself, managed, with some difficulty, to ascend by the slippery, broken steps, a rope being suspended from the roof as a support for those who are not satisfied to remain below.

Leaving my friend to go on to Swansea, I tarried the night at Tenby, not having seen it before. The weather was very unfavourable, but I got a good idea of the place. The variety of its aspects is, perhaps, one of its chief charms, to which may be added the excellence of its sands.

On returning to Bristol, from Swansea, I took the Vale of Neath line as far as Neath, and thus obtained a view of Briton Ferry, with its new hotel and lodging-houses, and also of Neath Abbey, which is a very extensive and picturesque ruin, somewhat spoiled by the ironworks which have been established close to it.

After visiting a friend, who lives on a beautifully-wooded hill some three miles from Neath, I took the train to Cardiff, and tarried to see the Cathedral of Llandaff. On the way to it you pass the new tower lately built by the Marquis of Bute—an appendage to Cardiff Castle—and also the College, which is a handsome building. The Cathedral has been

so thoroughly restored that it looks almost too new. The tower and spire at either side of the west end are very elegant and handsome. Any one may have an opportunity of seeing the Cathedral by staying two hours at Cardiff, and going on by the next train.

My next stage was home again. I may add that when at Swansea I was glad to learn that the awakening which took place some few months ago in connection with special Church of England services, at which Mr. Aitken and his sons preached, was not a mere passing excitement, but that there is abiding fruit.

If you think these imperfect notes worthy of insertion, they may prove useful to some of your readers who may be contemplating a tour through South Wales.

# A SHORT TOUR IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

1872.



S I was staying at Weymouth for the first time, I resolved to visit the Channel Islands.

It is hardly necessary to describe Weymouth to Bristolians. The deep blue of the sea, which never seems to recede, as contrasted with the mud and muddy water of Weston, is a great charm to the visitor. But Weston can boast of the shady drive to Kewstoke, and the wooded height behind the town; while at Weymouth there is hardly a tree to be seen, save that which overshadows the Old Bank in St. Thomas Street, and those which line the Dorchester Road.

The great object of interest here is Portland, and a day is required to see it thoroughly. I spent a long afternoon there. I visited the noble breakwater, which has been so fully described in the papers, and marked the stone

recently laid by the Prince of Wales, close by that which bears the name of his honoured father. Underneath is the motto, "These are imperial works and worthy kings."

Thence I made for the higher parts of the island, to see the convict establishment and the prisoners themselves. On my way I turned into the reading-room provided by the Society for Missions to Seamen, in which religious services are also held. It was announced that the chaplains of the fleet, then stationed at Portland, would conduct services there every Wednesday evening. Under the escort of a guide, I reached the top of the hill just in time to see several hundreds of the convicts (there are 1600 altogether) marching home from their work. Most of them were powerful-looking men, with no very pleasing expression in their countenances. Only one was in chains. After that we went up a tremendously steep hill-past the quarriesto view the buildings of the prison. bore a remarkably white and clean appearance, owing to the character of the stone. Peter's Church, built by the convicts, has recently been opened. It has an apse and two apse-shaped transepts. It is Romanesque,

and the details are well finished. The arches which run round the building over the windows are very good. Petrified trees and ammonites are shown here in great numbers.

There is a delightful walk along the cliffs, at the back of the island, which leads to the ruins of the Bow and Arrow Castle, as it is called, and to a large modern mansion, which rejoices in the name of Pennsylvania Castle. There are some picturesque rocks near here. A little beyond are the lighthouses. The population of the island is 8000, and there are nine villages on it.

The longest and most interesting drive in the neighbourhood of Weymouth is to Abbotsbury, through a fine open country abounding in pleasant prospects. In the place itself there is a most interesting barn, belonging to an ancient monastery, and on an eminence are the ruins of a chapel, whence you have a fine view of the famous Chesil beach, which is said to extend twenty-five miles—almost to Bridport. We did not visit the swannery and decoy which are shown here. In the tower of the church, which is very ancient, there is a remarkable representation of the Trinity. Between the knees of a large figure, repre-

senting the Father, is a crucifix, and by the right ear of the sitting figure there is a dove.

There are other pleasant drives, and it is desirable to take the train to Dorchester, in the neighbourhood of which a few hours may be pleasantly spent. There are shady avenues of great beauty, and not far from the town there is a large Roman encampment.

But I must hasten to my account of the Channel Islands. If any one in London were thinking of this tour, he might find it difficult to decide which route to take. The passage from Southampton is longer than from Weymouth, but the boats are larger and better.

Being joined by a companion from Bristol, I left Weymouth about twelve on Monday night, September 16th. We should have sailed an hour earlier, but as the tide was low, we kept scraping the bottom of the harbour, and had to wait for more water. Our boat was the best on the line — the Brighton; but though it was a calm night, many experienced unpleasant sensations in consequence of the slight rolling of the vessel; few, however, were really ill.

I was struck with the picturesque appearance of St. Peter's Port, the capital of

Guernsey, as we entered the harbour, about seven in the morning. It is built on the slope of an eminence, with the houses overtopping each other; and just at that time some of the principal towers and other buildings were litup by the rays of the rising sun. As we steamed on to Jersey we had a good view of the islands of Sark, Herne, and Jethou.

We passed near the Corbieres—a group of very grand and picturesque rocks, and presently the beautiful bay of St. Brelade's appeared in sight. St. Elizabeth's Castle and Fort Regent are very prominent objects as vou enter the harbour of St. Helier. town presents upon the whole a bright appearance, and you might almost imagine you were in France. The patois of the inhabitants, the costume of some of the women, the white appearance of the houses, and the light green shutters immediately arrest attention. I thought there was something particularly pleasing in the appearance and manner of the females who waited upon us at the shops, and all whom we met, from the oldest to the youngest, were most obliging in giving us directions as to our route.

We stayed at the Imperial---a magnificent

hotel, standing in its own grounds, but apparently too large for the locality. We dined the first day at the Hotel Pomme d'Or, where we found an excellent French table d'hôte for a moderate sum.

In the evening we took the train which runs round the bay of St. Aubyn's. The village of St. Aubyn's itself presents many attractions, and trains run every half-hour. One peculiarity of the railway is that you can walk about outside the carriages and enjoy the sea breezes. You open the door of the carriage yourself, and the porter unfastens the gates of the railing which guards the broad continuous ledge along which you can proceed from one carriage to another.

Having determined to walk round a great part of the island, we hung about us a small satchel, and started soon after nine on Wednesday morning for Hougue Bie, or Prince's Tower, about two miles from St. Helier. The tower is modern, but it contains an old font and other relics of antiquity. A story of a knight slaying a great serpent is connected with it. As it stands on a high tumulus, an excellent view of the island is obtained from the summit. Unfortunately it was wet just

while we were there, so that we saw very little. When it cleared up we made for Mount Orgeuil Castle—one of the most interesting sights in Jersey, from the character of the building and its position. On the way, we passed a large lunatic asylum, lately built on what is called Her Majesty's farm, and a new industrial school.

From the tower of Mount Orgeuil an excellent view of the white coast of Normandy is obtained, and the Cathedral of Coutances stands out in the sunshine. The Castle is situated on a point between Grouville and St. Catherine Bays, and under its shadow nestles the little harbour of Gorey, with the long line of inns and houses on the quay, forming altogether a very pretty picture. At the extremity of St. Catherine's Bay a fine breakwater has been erected.

The next bay is that of Rozel. A deep wooded glen comes down nearly to the water. Along one side of it, rising in terraces, are the beautiful gardens of Mrs. Fothergill, containing many Australian trees and shrubs, and some specimens of the bamboo. The public are allowed to see the gardens. The lady of the house prepares beautiful collections of

sea-weed put together in the form of a book, which she disposes of for the benefit of a school in which she is interested.

We then proceeded to Bouley Bay-one of the finest in the island. Here there is an hotel which we were told is well patronised both in summer and winter, but as we could not be accommodated we determined to press another seven miles to Greve de Lecq. did not go round by Bonne Nuit Bay, which I believe is generally visited, but kept the main road by St. John's and Mary Church. At the entrance of St. John's Churchyard we saw on the gate post an inscription containing, as far as we could make out, the initials of the names of the churchwardens under whom the church was restored. These inscriptions are frequently to be found on houses. another gate-post there was a list of those who had a licence to keep dogs. This, with other notices, was in a recess protected by wire-work. Not far from here, we passed a chapel, on which was carved in stone the name Ebenhezer. We found comfortable accommodation at Greve de Lecq, and thoroughly enjoyed our evening repast after our walk of twenty miles and upwards.

On Thursday morning we walked on to Plemont, to see the caves, which are well worth a visit. They can only be entered at low water, or when the tide has been going back for some time. An intelligent old man was our guide. The rocks here are of very varied colours, and some are remarkable inform. The view obtained from the Plemont headland is very striking, embracing two bays and the island of Sark in the distance.

From Plemont Point, which is at the north of the island, we walked to L'Elac, on the north-west, from which there is a good view of the bay of St. Ouen. Here we met several of the excursion cars, which are quite an institution in the island. They go to a different place each day, as stated in a printed programme, and lunch is provided in a large room, built for the purpose, adjoining the different hotels. We did not walk round by St. Brelade's Bay-thought by some to be the finest in the island—because we had a good view of it from the steamer as we approached St. Helier's: but, leaving the coast, we took the main road to "the town," as it is called, which is very beautiful the whole way. It is lined with trees for a great distance, which

form a delightful shade, and present a pleasing appearance. Oaks and beeches are the trees most commonly met with. For the last few miles you descend through a rich and lovely valley to the bay of St. Aubyn's: there we took the train to St. Helier's. In our walk through Jersey we were surprised to meet with so many superior houses, mostly farms. We did not bring away any of the cabbage-tree walking-sticks, as they are curious rather than elegant. They are made of the long stalks of a peculiar kind of cabbage which grows here in great abundance. We were told that one farmer near St. Aubyn's made £700 by his potatoes before the end of May. are much cultivated in the islands.

On Friday morning we had a rough passage to Guernsey. We found St. Peter's Port very full, but were accommodated at a private hotel, standing on high ground, called "The Old Government House." I cannot speak too highly of it. The proprietor waits most assiduously upon his guests at each meal, and is very agreeable. The charge for board and lodging is seven shillings a-day. The grounds command an excellent view of the harbour and the neighbouring islands.

In the afternoon we walked to St. Sampson (not the Samson of the Judges), which is, in fact, a continuation of St. Peter's Port. There is an interesting old church here. Most of the inhabitants seemed to be engaged in stone-breaking; kerb stones and broken-up granite are sent in large quantities for the repair of the roads in the suburbs of London. From Vale Castle a good view is obtained of the interior of Guernsey, and the island of Alderney is seen in the far distance. There are some Druidical remains near here, which we did not reach.

As Saturday morning was very showery, we decided to take a conveyance in order to see the coast scenery, which was easily accomplished by leaving the carriage in the road and walking down to the different bays and headlands. After passing many handsome villas in the suburbs, at one of which Victor Hugo lives, whose influence in the place cannot be for good on account of his well-known infidel views, we came to Fermain Bay, which is the first on the east coast of the island south of Fort George. The next in order was the extremely picturesque cove of Moulin Huet, which is approached by one of

the celebrated water-lanes of Guernsey. After visiting Petit Bot Bay, we came to the Gouffre -a kind of abyss formed by rocky cliffs. Here we found a good inn, where the horses were fed, and we had lunch. Lobster is almost an invariable accompaniment of this meal in the islands. At Creux Mahie, a little further on. there is the largest cavern in Guernsey. we had no matches with us, we could not penetrate far into it. Our last point was Pleinmont, the south-western extremity of the island. Here the scenery is very bold, and there are numerous jagged promontories. reminded us of Cape Cornwall, near St. Just. We were told that the excursion cars do not usually reach this point, but we found it well worth a visit.

We returned to St. Peter's Port by the main road, the greater part of which was rather uninteresting. The highways here cannot be compared with the beautifully-shaded roads of Jersey. The coast scenery of Guernsey surpasses in many points that of the sister island. There is a wildness in it which is very charming.

We were glad to have the rest of Sunday. There are a great many places of worship in

St. Peter's Port, and most of them are well attended. The town church, as it is called, is the finest in the islands. There is an English service in the afternoon. The preacher at the French service in the evening used a great deal of graceful action, and, as far as I could gather, was truly eloquent. The congregation joined well in the singing, which was of a very simple character. A handsome English church has recently been erected in a fashionable suburb, which is served by the Rev. Mr. Barnett, formerly of Bristol, whose family reside in the island. I should say the people of Guernsey are quieter and somewhat less pleasure-loving than their neighbours Jersey. The closing of the public-houses on Sunday throughout the islands seems to work well. When coming out of the town church, I noticed a number of young people going into a house close by, where tea and coffee were being served on long tables. The Bible Christians appear to be strong here. chapel of the Methodist New Connexion is called St. Paul'a.

On Monday morning we availed ourselves of a pleasure steamer which was making an excursion to Sark for the day. We had a calm passage and beautiful weather while on the island. It is well worth a visit, for it combines a great variety of scenery. The road from the harbour is pleasantly shaded by overhanging trees. In the interior you find a well-wooded valley, containing some lovely little bits of landscape scenery, while on the coast there are numerous small bays, detached rocks, and caverns. We could not visit the principal caverns as the water was too high, but we saw the other great objects of interest -the Coupée and the Creux Terrible. former is a narrow isthmus resembling an Alpine pass, which connects Great and Little Sark; the latter is a large natural shaft or chimney, communicating below with the sea, and opening above into a field. At high-water the sea boils within it as in a cauldron.

There is a church in the centre of the island which is served by a resident clergyman. There is also a schoolmaster and a doctor. I went into the school, and found that the children learn French one day and English the other. The master informed me that they liked best to learn their own peculiar language. The writing was good.

We did not omit to visit the garden and

grounds of the Seignurie, where the lord of the island resides. In the grounds every advantage has been taken of the natural features, and you find lawns, shrubberies, and plantations, with flower and fruit gardens, on a very extensive scale. Passing through the grounds, you come upon a view of some of the finest rocks in the island, which overhang a charming little inlet of the sea.

Our passage back was a very rough one, but the sufferings of the ladies were not prolonged, as we reached Guernsey within the hour. The storm signal was up when we started, so we could not say that we were taken by surprise. The day was so enjoyable that none would regret having availed themselves of the opportunity.

The next day was wet and stormy, so we did not attempt anything important. There is a good bathing-place here, just outside the town, but we thought a warm bath preferable, which we obtained for the moderate sum of fifteen pence. I believe there is a great deal of drunkenness in the islands, but we did not come across any beggars or ragged children. Sir Benjamin Brodie remarks:—"If you want health for the body, rest for the mind, pure air,

and splendid scenery—all God's gifts which go to make a terrestrial paradise—I emphatically advise you to go to Jersey." He might have added Guernsey. It is a quaint foreign-looking town, with steep narrow streets and no regular pavements. Most of the streets have French names. There is an excellent fish market here. Among the flowers and plants of the island the Guernsey lily is conspicuous, but you find also the pampas grass, the hydrangia, and the common fuchsia in great abundance. We did not meet with many rare ferns. I think Guernsey would be preferred to Jersey as a place of residence, and it has the advantage of being nearer England.

I omitted to mention that we were recommended when in Jersey to take the steamer to St. Malo, in order to go up the river to Dinan, but we could not accomplish it. We had enough of the water by the time we reached home, as the passage to Weymouth on the Wednesday was very rough. The wind was against us, and we had a short chopping sea. It is desirable to avoid the time of the equinox in visiting the Channel Islands, but each season has its peculiar advantages. The views are often finer when the weather is

changeable and stormy. I think I may safely say that whenever you make this excursion you will be delighted with it.

# A SHORT VISIT TO NORMANDY AND BRITTANY.

#### 1874.

FTER partaking of a good meal at the South Western Hotel, Southampton, which is always desirable before a voyage, we went on board the Wolf about eleven o'clock to secure berths before the arrival of the London train. The Wolf is rather a remarkable vessel, being nearly covered over from stem to stern. We steamed out of Southampton Harbour at midnight, and reached Havre about ten the next morning.

Having breakfasted on beefsteak and fried potatoes, the usual accompaniment of a French déjeûner à la fourchette, we walked through the leading streets and got a view of the principal buildings. In this, as in other places, the best view is obtained from the pier. As the day was warm, we availed ourselves of the opportunity of bathing. The dressing-boxes, as is usual in France, are

some distance from the water, to which you descend in bathing drawers, with a large sheet covering your whole body, making you look very much like a ghost. As you are about to enter the water you take off the sheet and fasten it round a post to be ready for you when you have had your bathe. A small pail of warm water for your feet is also provided in your dressing-box. I should add that before you undress you hand over your watch and purse with all its contents to the man who furnishes you with a bathing ticket.

Early in the afternoon we took the steamer for Honfleur. The one great walk here is that which leads to the small votive chapel of Notre Dame, situated on an eminence overlooking the Seine. As the Trouville diligence was full, we joined with a fellow-traveller and took a private carriage. A pleasant drive of about two hours brought us to Trouville. It is prettily situated on a gentle eminence above the seaside, and has become one of the most fashionable watering-places in France. There is much hill and wood in this neighbourhood. After dining here we took the train for Caen, but were detained more than an hour at Lisieux, for which we were not sorry, as we

were enabled to see something of one of the finest cathedrals in France, though it was dark. Preparations were being made in the town for an approaching fête, and small fir trees were being planted in front of many of the shops.

It was rather late when we reached Caen. and we were glad to find good accommodation at the Hotel d'Angleterre. Caen, like Rouen, which I had already visited, is chiefly celebrated for its three fine churches. St. Pierre is famous for its spire, and the chapels round the high altar are elegantly adorned with roofs finely worked. The church of St. Etienne, or of the Abbaye aux Hommes, where the bones of William the Conqueror first rested, is a magnificent specimen of Norman and early English. The architecture of the Abbaye aux Dames, or Church of the Holy Trinity, on the heights of St. Giles, is of a lighter and more ornate character. I should not omit to state that we visited the Castle. from which we had a fine view of the town.

After spending a good morning here, we took the afternoon train for Bayeux. The two objects of interest here are the Cathedral, which is a handsome one, and the celebrated tapestry worked by the Conqueror's wife,

Matilda, representing the invasion of England by the Normans. The figures are not very well formed, but are curious and interesting.

Our next stage was by rail to St. Lo. There is a good Cathedral here, which is very well situated, but it was dark when we arrived, and the diligence was waiting to take us on to Coutances. I was anxious to see this place, having had a distant view of it two years ago from Jersey. The town is beautifully situated on an eminence. The Cathedral is one of the finest in Normandy, and captivates the eye by the elegance of its proportions. Two lofty towers, terminating in spires, flank its west front. A good view of the surrounding country is obtained from the Jardin des Plantes. In this place there is a large seminary for priests.

Two wretched horses took us all the way to Granville, a distance of about twenty miles. The omnibus was very full. A priest, who was our fellow-traveller, was inclined to be very friendly, and offered us snuff. On arriving at Granville, between two and three, we found that there would be no room for us in the diligence which was to start for Avranches, a distance of about seventeen miles, at five o'clock, so we decided to walk; and as there

was an English boy at the inn we got him to explain that our two small bags were to be sent by the diligence, and that we should go on foot. We got a lift in a country cart for two or three miles. The road is provokingly straight, and the undulations most regular. There is a turn in it about half way, as you cross the wooded dell of Sartilly. The town of Avranches, which is situated on a high hill, soon appears in view, and occasional glimpses are obtained of the peaked rock of Mont St. Michel.

We found that it took us about ten minutes to walk a kilometre, which is five-eighths of a mile. It was eight o'clock on Saturday night when we reached the Hotel de Londres. The landlord speaks English, and we found many of our fellow-countrymen there.

There was a fair attendance at the English service on Sunday morning. We got into conversation after service with the family of the churchwarden, and they kindly invited us to lunch.

A magnificent view is obtained at the entrance of the town near the Sous-Prefecture, and a more pleasing one still from the Jardin des Plantes. It was painful to us to see the

place full of horses the whole of Sunday. They were being trotted out for inspection preparatory to an enormous fair which was to be be held the next day. Many hundreds of peasants arrived in their carts on Monday morning.

We took the diligence to Pont d'Orson. and procured a seat in the banquette, as it is called, which is a favourite place, the only drawback being the constant proximity of the end of the coachman's whip, which is being cracked incessantly. At Pont d'Orson we left the diligence, and went by omnibus over a very heavy road and across the sands to Mont St. Michel, which is the great sight of the neighbourhood. Mount St. Michael, in Cornwall, resembles it, though it is on a smaller If I recollect rightly, it is quite as picturesque in appearance, and is not so much encumbered by massive buildings. The church is very handsome, with its florid buttresses and pinnacles, but the cloisters are the most beautiful part of the building. That day they were filled with pilgrims, who were enjoying a hearty lunch in numerous groups, and appeared to be very happy.

After partaking at the inn of a very good

dejeuner, consisting of the usual number of courses, and including an excellent omelette, we joined the main road again at Pont d'Orson, and proceeded in the diligence to Dol Station. As there was about twenty minutes to spare, we got a peep at this quaint old town, and were able to visit the Cathedral.

As we went by train to St. Malo, we had a view of Mont Dol, a granite rock, something like Mont St. Michel, only rising out of the dry land. We found good accommodation at the Hotel Franklin. The ramparts are the peculiar feature of St. Malo, and you can walk on them right round the place.

At noon the next day we took the steamer up the Rance to Dinan, and a very pleasant expedition it is. The scenery is something like that of the Dart, but more varied. Dinan is situated most picturesquely on a steep granite rock, 126 feet above the river. There is a fine viaduct across the valley. The Cathedral and the Church of St. Malo are both imposing edifices. No doubt several days might be agreeably spent in this place.

Having strolled about the town the afternoon of our arrival, admiring the old clocktower and the narrow picturesque streets, we rose early the next morning to visit the Abbey of Lehon, prettily situated in the bottom of a dell, through which a streamlet falls into the Rance. We returned by the village of St. Esprit, where there is a curious Gothic crucifix of granite with figures of the first and second persons of the Trinity, now much mutilated.

The road from this village to Dinan brought us to the English Church, just as the people were entering for the daily morning service at half-past eight. After partaking of the ten o'clock déjeûner at the Hotel du Commerce. where we were staying, which meal is quite an institution in these parts, we hired a private carriage, which took us by a somewhat uninteresting road to Dinard, a favourite seabathing place, pleasantly situated at the mouth of the Rance. Here we found a steamer on the point of starting for St. Malo. Thus we had the opportunity of renewing our acquaintance with this port before starting by the steamer for Southampton.

We bathed according to the custom of the place, that is, we put on a bathing jacket and drawers, clothed in which we rushed down to the sea, having to pass numbers of people who were strolling on the sands.

No sooner had we cleared the harbour, in the fine steamer Guernsey, than a thunder-The forked and sheet storm came on. lightning continued, with peals of thunder, for more than an hour, and the lighting up of the horizon presented a grand appearance. One of the stewards was struck by the lightning. but he had partially recovered from the effects of the stroke the next morning. Just outside the harbour of Southampton the captain ran us aground in a fog. He had got by mistake outside the buoys which mark the Channel. Though there was a slight rolling of the vessel, after the storm our passage had been a calm one, almost as calm as that which we had from Southampton to Havre, and the delay outside the harbour did not much trouble us, as we were landed after all about eight o'clock in the morning, a very convenient hour, thankful to be once more safe on terra firma.

A few general remarks, in conclusion, will suffice. It has been truly said that Normandy is a country of landscapes. You must not expect to find grand and striking scenery, but there is a quiet beauty about the face of the country. The principal attraction is the

church architecture. You do not find many wayside crosses or small buildings dedicated to the Virgin, and when, without entering into controversy, I spoke to anyone of the one Saviour and the only Mediator, they seemed to acquiesce, and did not obtrude the name of the Virgin. I should say that the peasantry are with few exceptions contented, trustful, and not much given to begging. The costumes of the women, with the universal snow-white caps, many of them of fantastic forms, their plan of washing clothes in the streams, and other customs, have often been described by others.

The bill for one person at the principal inns will generally be about eleven francs a day, the charge for table d'hôte being three francs. Cider is always placed on the table like water.

Our tour may appear to have been somewhat hurried, but we rose early, and were much favoured in the weather. This enabled us to accomplish a great deal in seven days.

Since my return I have met with an interesting work on a Tour through Normandy, by Katharine Macquoid, which is well illustrated.

If you think this short sketch is likely to prove the least help to any future tourist, you may be disposed to give it a place in your columns.

[I visited St. Lo in 1878, and was much pleased with the place and its situation. We approached it by the new Weymouth and Cherbourg route, spending two nights in the latter place, at the Hotel des Bains de Mer. There are several objects of interest here, including the celebrated Digue or breakwater. You have a pleasant country the greater part of the journey to St. Lo, and one or two interesting towns are passed en route, the only drawback being the long waiting at Lison Junction, but this is not experienced when you come to it from Bayeux. The steamers by which we crossed are a fair size, being those employed for the passage between Milford and Waterford.]

## THE FORESTS OF ENGLAND.

1874.

### I.—THE FOREST OF DEAN.

great truth, that English people are continually seeking new scenes of beauty abroad before they have explored the many interesting spots which abound in their own land. It is probable that comparatively few Bristolians, for instance, have visited the Forest of Dean, whereas some very enjoyable days might be spent there.

Having long had a desire to see it, I seized an opportunity which presented itself a short time since. Taking the train to Lydney on a fine afternoon in August, we waited there till six o'clock, when the coach started for Coleford, which may be regarded as the metropolis of the Forest. The road is hilly, and some fine views present themselves.

The situation of Newland, which is seen in the distance as you approach Coleford, is very picturesque. The handsome tower of the church stands out well among the trees, with its background of hills.

Symond's Yat, about four miles off, should be visited from Coleford.

A fine distant view is obtained, long before the actual spot is reached, from which you look down upon the windings of the Wye, the banks of which present a grand appearance, as the masses of rock stand out among the rich foliage of the trees. A station on the Severn and Wye Railway is situated immediately below the rocky projection from which this beautiful scenery is viewed.

From Coleford we walked through the very centre of the forest to Speech House, as it is called, where the "verderer" holds his court. It contains handsome apartments, and is also used as an inn. It stands on high ground, and from it you look down upon large masses of wood. Some of the finest trees in the Forest are in this neighbourhood. The drive to Cinderford is not so pleasing, as the road lies across tramways, and you pass a number of furnaces. The road from Cinderford to Newnham is very different. A magnificent view is to be had from the summit of the hill, as you begin to descend to the Severn.

excursion only lasted a day and a half, and was somewhat hurried, but we were thus enabled to obtain a glimpse of a district which is worthy of a second visit.

The following remarks on the Forest, which appeared in a recent number of the Spectator, are worth quoting:--"Those who have not visited the district would be ready to picture to themselves a scene similar to the Black country-a bare smoky wilderness, devoid of vegetation, almost, and full of dreary villages. The Forest of Dean, however, is a reality still, in spite of its mines, and many parts of it are almost as solitary as if it were yet the undisturbed haunt of the wolf and the boar. Through much of its extent it is unpeopled, and covered with timber, amid which the mining 'plant' is dotted down here and there, and well-nigh hidden. Probably nowhere else in the world, within so limited an area—the total extent of the Forest is now less than 20,000 acres—is a scene so singular to be found, or so much mineral extracted with so little defacement of the landscape. The oak plantations are carefully nursed and tended by Crown officials as a source of supply of wood for the navv."

I may follow up this short sketch with an account of a run in the New Forest.

#### II.—THE NEW FOREST.

In a previous letter I gave your readers a short sketch of a tour through a portion of the Forest of Dean. During this summer I have also visited England's greatest forest, so well known as the New Forest, in Hampshire. It contains about 92,000 acres, some of which, however, are highly cultivated. It has been truly remarked that "the abundance of trees of large dimensions, the open glades between, and the variety of foliage and underwood, render the scenery of the district highly delightful."

I visited the southern part of the Forest, in a day, from Bournemouth. Taking the train to the pretty village of Brockenhurst, and having visited the picturesque churchyard, which contains the oldest oak tree in the Forest, I started for Beaulieu Abbey. Getting a lift on the road, I found myself descending into the lovely valley much sooner than I expected. The remains of the Abbey stand

very picturesquely on a reach of the Beaulieu creek, nearly at the point where the Exe river joins it. The old gate-house is an interesting object as you approach from the village. The ruins consist chiefly of the walls of the church, but a path across the meadow leads to the most interesting part of the remains—the old refectory, which is now converted into the parish church.

Being fortunate enough to get another lift, nearly as far as Lymington, I had the opportunity of walking back to Brockenhurst through the village of Boldre. There is an ascent nearly all the way from Lymington to Boldre, and the view of the valley, with the wooded heights on which stand many handsome mansions, is very striking. The church of Boldre is remarkable for its wooded seclusion, and as being associated with the memory of the Rev. W. Gilpin, the well-known author of "Forest Scenery." A short walk brought me to Brockenhurst, where I took the train to Bournemouth.

Shortly afterwards, I started with a companion for a three days' tour in the northern part of the Forest. We had a most enjoyable walk from Brockenhurst to Lyndhurst, along a straight road, with some undulations, which is lined the whole way on either side with trees of every variety and of the richest foliage. The oaks, however, predominate, with trunks of large dimension, gnarled roots, and fantastic Large holly bushes are seen growbranches. ing up round them, with abundance of ivy. Many fine beeches are also interspersed. Lyndhurst may be regarded as the capital of the Forest. The church, which has lately been rebuilt, and the old Queen's House, as it is called, are objects of interest. Accompanied by a guide, we visited the celebrated Knightwood oak, about two miles distant, which is the largest tree in the Forest.

At Emery Down, about a mile out of Lyndhurst, we procured a conveyance, which brought us on a few miles to the Compton Arms at Stoney Cross. The usual route is through Minstead, but our intelligent and considerate driver took us by a higher road, from which we obtained a noble view of the Forest and the surrounding scenery; the Isle of Wight and Netley Hospital, near Southampton, being plainly discernible. The inn is situated in a conspicuous position, on high table-land. It is a favourite resort of artists, as being near

some of the finest trees of the Forest. We found it full on our arrival, but by a little contrivance the landlady managed to make room for us.

On the following morning we rose early to visit the celebrated Rufus Stone, which stands in a valley about half a mile distant from the inn. It is supposed to mark the spot where the unfortunate king received the deadly wound.

From this point we walked, for the most part through thick woods, to the picturesque village of Bramshaw, which is about the most northerly point in the Forest. We were acquainted with the clergyman there, and partook of his hospitality. Under his escort we had the fine view from Bramble Hill, which forms the frontispiece of Wise's beautifully-illustrated work on the scenery and history of the Forest.

From Bramshaw we returned to our inn in a conveyance, going out of our way to visit the quaint little village of Minstead, whose small church lies in a hollow among the hills. The village inn bears the sign of "The Trusty Servant," with the curious figure which is also to be seen in a picture at Winchester Collega.

The following morning we were driven to the entrance of Mark Ash Wood, as it is called, where the finest beech trees are to be seen. Having been guided through it by an intelligent cottager, we strolled on towards Ringwood, and passing some trees which are known as "The Twelve Apostles," arrived at the pleasant village of Burley. Here we found a conveyance which took us on a few miles to Ringwood, where a train was on the point of starting for Bournemouth.

Thus ended a most enjoyable three days' tour in the New Forest. I suppose the nearest point from which to enter it as you come from Bristol would be Downton, on the Salisbury and Wimborne line.

Being so near Southampton, I was tempted to take the steamer to Havre, with the view of obtaining a glimpse of Normandy and Brittany, a short account of which may also be acceptable to your readers.

# A GLIMPSE OF THE ENGADINE AND THE ITALIAN LAKES.

#### 1875.

my tour through some of the most interesting portions of Normandy and Brittany, which was pleasantly accomplished in eight days.

This year I have taken a longer flight, toolong some would think for the time allowed; but I can say with truth that this longer tour, which only took a fortnight, was most enjoyable, and that little of hurry or discomfort was experienced.

The same congenial companion was my fellow-traveller. We met in London on Wednesday, the 15th of September, and travelled down to Dover together. Then the question arose whether we were to cross that night. My friend was anxious to do so, but I urged three good reasons for lingering, and he gladly acquiesced. I was not feeling very

well, the wind was a little fresh, and I had a desire to try the Castalia, which was to sail next morning at nine. Accordingly, we made ourselves comfortable at the Lord Warden. There we met a young man, who said that he thought it most desirable that the Castalia should be encouraged. Perhaps I should state that we had taken through tickets, procured from Cook, which entitled us to go by the mail boat; but I thought it desirable to pay the additional fare in order to try the Castalia, and did not repent it.

Going by this vessel involves, at present, passing the night at Dover, because she starts before the first London train arrives, in order to reach Calais about the same time as the mail boat. Before going on board, I visited the Sailors' Home at Dover, which is a good building in a back street.

We were sorry not to find a larger number of passengers on the new vessel. Perhaps there were about fifty, which of course could not pay. We were pleased with the breadth of deck. There was certainly plenty of room to move about. The Castalia is a twin-ship, with double bows and double paddles. She rolled very slightly, though there was rather

a strong east wind. It is calculated, I believe, that she rolls about six degrees instead of the usual thirteen. My friend had a good deal of conversation with Captain Dicey, the inventor. His wife and servant were on board, working, and apparently made the vessel their homes.

Every one seemed to be perfectly well, except one lady, who had perhaps made up her mind before hand to betray symptoms of sea-sickness. Many, we know, are ill on the Thames, or even when crossing Rownham Ferry. I should add that that we afterwards learnt that several were very sick on the mail boat.

All went on quietly till we were nearing Calais. The mail boat, which left Dover half-an-hour afterwards, had been quickly gaining upon us, keeping far out to our right, but when we were about to enter the harbour, we observed that the stout little captain was working his arms furiously, and that he was bringing his vessel across our path in order to get into the harbour before us; and this he accomplished, but not without paying dearly for the triumph, because as his boat swung round into the harbour the stern came into violent collision with one of our bows and was

smashed in, a considerable portion of the railing being likewise torn away. Of course we cried shame upon him, and we afterwards heard that many of his own passengers were much alarmed, and that the circumstance would be sure to find its way to the papers.

We had a very short drive in Calais, just to get an idea of the place, which I had not seen when passing through before. The principal gate leading into the town is an object of interest. There is a fine market place, and the chief church is a handsome one.

After partaking of refreshments, we entered our railway carriage, and had pleasant companions. Among them was a Dutchman and his wife. The former stated that he only smoked once a day, and that was all day. He said that if any one else smoked in the carriage he should not, as one at a time was enough for his wife.

At Abbeville, or some other station, we observed just outside the railway a short man, dressed rather like a soldier, who was piping vigorously for the benefit of the passengers, or rather, I suppose, for his own, though it was difficult to see how money could be got to him, if any one pleased with his music wished to

reward him. We noticed the same man on our return.

On reaching Paris we found that we had two hours before proceeding by the night train to Basle. I believe most persons take this route at night, as the country is uninteresting. and as we had had a good rest at the Lord Warden we did not scruple to be one night out of bed. Instead of wasting our two hours at Paris in dining, which, however, might perhaps have been the wholesome and proper thing to do, we took a voiture in the twilight, and visited the ruins of the Hotel de Ville and the Tuilleries, coming round by the new opera house and the Place Vendôme. The Hotel de Ville did not appear to have been touched since its destruction, but I see that its reconstruction is just about being commenced. Something had been done with the Tuilleries, and the column in the Place Vendôme once more stood erect, with no figure, however, at the top as aforetime, but crowned by a sort of knob or small dome with a flag floating near it.\*

We managed to get a little refreshment and to wash our hands in a very primitive

<sup>\*</sup> The statue of the First Napoleon now once more crowns the summit.

sort of lavatory before entering the night train. When passing from the salle d'attente we were agreeably surprised to meet a Bristol merchant, who for once was travelling alone, and we were glad to fraternize. Though the line is narrow gauge, the carriages are a little wider, I think, than ours, and four of us managed to recline and to snatch a little sleep. As we looked out of the windows in the morning, we saw everyone going to work at a very early hour, and two groups of children, one of boys and another of girls, were crossing the dewy fields about seven o'clock on their way to school.

At Belfort, which is on the borders of Alsace, and was one of the towns which the Germans made a point of securing, there was a rush for a few wash-hand basins, which were under the care of a poorly-dressed woman, and for the use of which we were expected to pay half a franc. Then, if I recollect rightly, there was a mild searching of luggage. We were agreeably buffeted throughout the morning, as I think we stopped at three stations where there was a buffet, or refreshment room, and thus we were enabled in some measure to make up for the loss of dinner the night before.

After a little devotional reading and discussion of the Public Worship Act, followed by a talk as regards our coming tour, we found ourselves entering the Basle railway station. There were about twenty minutes to spare before the train went on to Zurich, so we took a voiture and were driven to the terrace near the Minster Church, from which point a splendid view of the Rhine is obtained. I had seen Basle before, but was glad to have another peep from this charming elevation.

At Olten, which is a great junction, we parted with our Bristol friend, he going to Lucerne and we to Zurich. Before entering our new train we furnished ourselves with half a fowl, which proved beautifully tender, and a small bottle of wine, as we did not know when we should again have an opportunity of refreshment.

I had seen Zurich before, and we had not time to tarry there, so we went on in the train, which, after passing several inland villages, once more came down to the lake, and gave us a fair view of a portion of it. We thought the snow-clad mountains were beginning to appear in view, but we were mistaken. What at first looked like snow was only rock seen in a particular light, at one time bathed in sunshine and then covered by fleecy clouds. We had procured some nice fruit at one of the stations, which was very refreshing.

Pursuing our journey towards Chur, or Coire, we soon began to skirt Lake Wallenstadt, which is shut in by mountains, some of which are bare and rugged, while there are also signs of fertility and numerous houses. At Murg, on the south side of the lake, there is a large cotton factory.

We were reluctant to pass Ragatz, because from this place the old Baths of Pfeffers are visited, situated a little way up the vale of the Tamina, a tributary of the Rhine, and said to be one of the most extraordinary spots in Switzerland, on account of the extreme narrowness of the ravine. The Gorge de Trient, near Martigny is said in some respects to resemble it.

We were not sorry to reach Coire at night-fall, and to find that there was a table d'hôte at eight.

After our repast we strolled about in the moonlight, listening to the rushing of the river which flows through the place, and admiring the quaint narrow streets. In an upper room

of one of the houses there was the sound of music and singing of a somewhat dirge-like character. We were glad to retire early, as we were to be called at half-past three, in order to start for Samaden before five o'clock.

There are two roads—the St. Julier and the Albula, the latter being the shorter. We had been strongly recommended to take the former, and decided to do so; but we managed in the first instance to get into the wrong diligence. Our mistake, however, was soon rectified, though some would say that it was not a mistake after all, because the Albula Pass has its advocates.

There is a good deal of ceremony connected with entering a diligence—that is, your names are solemnly read out from a paper which is in the hands of one of the officials, and you are directed to your appointed places. Mr. Cook's coupons gave us the inside seats, which are the least desirable, but by paying a little extra a seat in the coupé or on the banquette can be obtained. The conductors are often very big men, and in their soldier-like uniform look very imposing. I asked one of them what rest he had, and he stated that he had one Sunday in three. It always distresses

me in looking over a continental Bradshaw to find that all the trains and diligences run on Sundays, just as on week days. Such continuous work must tend to shorten the lives of horses and men, unless some such arrangement is made as that just mentioned in the case of the conductor, and I fear it is hardly likely to be so as a rule. But we must look at home. I am not sure that the drivers and conductors of our tramways get one Sunday in three for themselves: if not, I hope the public will not rest till it is accomplished. But I must hasten to describe our journey.

The day was dawning when we started. The first few miles presented no object of special interest. The Rhine was crossed by one of the covered wooden bridges, which are not uncommon in Switzerland.

One of the villages we passed was Bonaduz, which means "bread for all." It is probably so named from the fertility of its fields, though I was not struck with the place itself. Throughout our tour we saw great quantities of maize and hemp, more especially the former, and we noticed that in the valleys and on the mountain sides the grass was cut very close, so that it had a beautifully smooth

appearance like a gentleman's lawn. We often saw women mowing most vigorously.

At Thusis we had a second light breakfast, consisting, as usual, of cafe au lait and bread and butter. Here the Splugen Pass, containing the Via Mala, commences, which we leave on the right, and soon enter the famous Schynpass, a narrow ravine through which the river Albula enters the Rhine. You look down upon a very deep gorge through which the water is rushing, and as we crossed a bridge some youths, who were repairing the road along with older workmen, brought some of the larger stones and threw them into the abyss below for our benefit, causing a noise something like the report of a cannon.

Soon afterwards we came to Tiefenkasten, a village which is picturesquely situated in a deep valley. The church stands on an eminence, and the portal is adorned with painting. Immediately above this place is the Stein, a bold precipice of limestone rock. We started from Tiefenkasten before the diligence, and walked up this ascent. The Oberhalstein Rhine, as it is called, flows through the gorge below. The road here is said to have a faint resemblance to the Via Mala. After this the country

becomes somewhat bleak and barren, but only for a time. Another fine gorge is entered, and then the picturesque village of Molins is There we found a regular table d'hôte dinner ready for us. It is wonderful how they can furnish it in such remote spots. On this occasion the conductor sat down to table with us. I set off on foot from this place and walked for about two hours along the winding road which ascends the bleak and stony slopes of the Julier, occasionally taking short cuts. On arriving at the summit, 7040 ft., I inspected two granite pillars said to have been erected in the time of Augustus, and waited the coming of the diligence, which took us down to Silvaplana at a rattling pace. The village is pleasantly situated between two The frontage of the principal small lakes. hotel is very handsome. As we looked up to one of the snow-clad mountains of the Bernina Chain we quite thought that we saw a party ascending and near the summit, but we had mistaken pieces of rock standing out from the snow for men, and we afterwards learnt that others have been deceived in the same manner.

When on the road to the Baths of St. Moritz, our next stage, we picked up a gentle-

man who had gone over our route in two days on foot, and had passed the night at Tiefenkasten. St. Moritz was the scene of a most affectionate greeting. A gentleman and his little girl descended from the diligence and were nearly eaten up by two ladies who were there to meet them. Such kissing, and crying, and hugging I never witnessed before; but but it probably did not mean much more than an ordinary welcome among ourselves. At this place there are several very imposing hotels.

It was about half-past seven on Saturday evening when we reached Samaden in the Engadine, having been in our diligence for fourteen hours, with the exception of a little walking.

As it was then dark we had our first view of the place on Sunday morning. The whole valley was covered with a thick mist, which, however, quickly dispersed; and the air, which was chilly, soon became warm in the glorious sunshine. The snow-clad mountains stood out against the clear blue sky; while the waters of the Inn were seen threading their way through the green pastures—and a more beautiful scene could hardly be imagined.

The Hotel Bernina is large and comfortable, and the landlord most obliging.

When strolling through the village, I came across three or four little girls, looking bright and well dressed, with whom I exchanged a few words, in German, suitable for Sunday, and was pleased with their answers. attended the Protestant service of the place at half-past ten, and saw these same little girls in a front pew. The service was of a somewhat quaint and primitive character, and only lasted three-quarters of an hour. It was conducted in the Romansch dialect, and I understood very little of it. There was a fair congregation, but they had no books, and did not join in the hymns. A baptism took place at the end of the first hymn. The woman came into church with a friend, and walking straight up to the Communion Table, stood sideways, facing half the congregation. She had no bonnet, and wore a sort of mantle. which also covered her child. The minister read some prayers from a book and sprinkled the infant, after which the mother and her friend left the church, and the father returned to the pew from which he came forth as the woman entered. The sermon, which was

delivered with some action, and in which the words liberté and charité were frequently repeated, lasted about a quarter of an hour. A few prayers were read before and after it. including the Lord's prayer. The blessing was pronounced, and a second hymn followed. A bag was held at the door to receive the alms. This was the only service for the day. As I left the church I accosted an old gentleman who turned out to be Herr Planta, the great man of the village. I asked him why the people had not hymn books, and he replied that no one sung but the young people in the organ gallery. He intimated, however, that the congregation could pretty well follow the hymn as sung by the choir. I then went to the English Church, which was consecrated by Bishop Anderson three years ago, and heard a sermon from Dr. Nolan, a well-known London clergyman. There were very few present, as the season was over; in fact, we came in for the closing services. It is a very pretty church, and contains a considerable amount of internal decoration, but nothing tawdry or offensive. The services are conducted under the auspices of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, so that an Evangelical

ministry is secured. We found a number of books, supplied by this same Society, on the table of the public drawing-room in the hotel. Between the services we set out to reach a wooded eminence, from which 'we had an extensive view, and who should be before us but the little girls whom I had met in the morning. We took them as guides, and they rushed right up the steepest part of the hill, quite regardless of any footpath, and after an hour's climb we reached the point at which we were aiming. We had a good view of Pontresina, which was to be visited the next day. Our guides proved to be respectable tradesmen's daughters, and we were much pleased with them. They said they sang at school, but never at church. The only Sunday School is at seven o'clock in the morning, and it is but for a portion of the year. They gave us drink from a little vessel, which they dipped in the stream, and it proved most refreshing. As we descended to the English Church for the second service, they manifested a desire to accompany us, perhaps because I had been to their church in the morning. Accordingly we took them in with us, and they sat very still. My friend pointed to some words in our hymn

book, but they probably understood about as much as I understood of their Romansch in the morning.

The Hotel Bernina, at Samaden, is almost immediately opposite the office of the diligences, and before five o'clock on Monday morning there was a great noise of departing vehicles. The chaplain and others were beginning their homeward journey.

After securing our places for the one o'clock diligence to Chiavenna, we entered a public conveyance, which took us to Pontresina in about three quarters of an hour. This is a very favourite spot, and forms a good centre for excursions.

The Roseg Glacier is a great object of attraction, but we resolved to visit the Morteratsch, which is more easily accomplished. We got hold of a guide named Ambuhl, who had testimonials from Sir Morton Peto and a great many others, including some Bristolians. A walk of an hour and a quarter brought us to the glacier. I crossed the Mer de Glace some years ago, but did not feel particularly anxious to attempt the Morteratsch, so after walking on a little way in rather thin boots, without nails, I beat a retreat, and ascended

an eminence, leaving my more plucky friend in charge of the guide, who would have enough to do with one of us. I had some difficulty in finding my way down into the valley again, as the path by which I descended was not clearly marked, but by keeping to the bed of a stream I succeeded.

On arriving at the inn, which stands not very far from the foot of the glacier, I partook of refreshment and waited the arrival of my friend and the guide, who had been performing wonderful exploits — shooting through caverns and under temples in a way long to be remembered. When they returned to the inn I immediately started back again to Pontresina, leaving them to follow, and hired a carriage to take us to Samaden in time for the diligence in which we had secured places.

I may here mention that Samaden stands 5600 feet above the level of the sea. The atmosphere is dry and remarkably clear. We met some friends in Italy who were travelling in search of health, and they said that all their time had been wasted till they came to Samaden, where they immediately found benefit. On our way to Chiavenna we again passed St. Moritz and Silviplana. At the

former place we had time to taste the water, which is a powerful chalybeate and had a strong taste of steel.

Soon after passing Lake Sils, we got a peep of a beautiful valley, and found that we had arrived at the summit of the celebrated Maloja Pass. We had time to leave the diligence and to mount the rock opposite the inn, which commands a fine view of the valley. This pass, if not as grand as some others, is remarkably picturesque, The road descends through beautiful fir woods by steep zigzags. I remember that here we were struck with the appearance of fleecy clouds resting on the bosom of the mountains.

The three principal villages between the bottom of the pass and Chiavenna are Casaccia, Vicosoprano, and Castasegna, or the Chesnut-village, all more or less interesting. As the diligence halted at one of these a large flock of goats presented themselves, making pleasant music with the bells suspended from their necks. Some of them found their way to a fountain to drink, placing their fore-feet on the highest step. Here there were some quaint devices on the houses.

At Castasegna there was a searching of

luggage, as we were entering Italy, but as we had only a small bag each this was not a formidable process so far as we were concerned. It was quite dark when we arrived at Chiavenna. I should mention that all through this journey we had an interesting and profitable conversation with a young American, who was of a most inquiring turn of mind, and was evidently much exercised as regarded certain religious difficulties. He believed Beecher to be guilty, and considered that the jury was packed. He spoke of Tilton as a remarkably clever man and a complete master of English. Our friend was himself a lawyer.

Chiavenna, which stands on the river Maira, is well described by Murray as "charmingly situated in the midst of vineyards close under the mountains which appear to impend over it."

The principal church has a campanile, or clock tower, standing in a square surrounded by cloisters, and on one side there are two bone-houses filled with skulls. Opposite the principal inn there are the ruins of a castle, and we ascended to a castle garden, or paradiso, which extends along an isolated rock and is festooned with vines. The banker of the place.

accompanied by his two little daughters, without bonnets, were strolling about here, and the keeper of the grounds plucked for us some delicious figs and grapes. At eleven o'clock we started for Colico, at the head of Lake Como.

On arriving at Colico we found a large steamer containing ample provision for refreshments, of which we availed ourselves at once, so as to have an uninterrupted view of the beautiful parts of the lake. The water was not quite as calm as we might have desired, as there was a fresh breeze. Monte Legnone, near the head of the lake, is a conspicuous object, and seems to rise almost perpendicularly from it. The white villages. with their campanile towers, standing on the edge of the lake, or scattered on the mountain slopes, present a charming appearance. there are the beautiful villas of the aristocracy. with gardens sloping to the edge of the water. In one of these we saw a young lady smoking, not an uncommon sight, I believe, in Italy. We took care to have a good look at Bellagio, but the charm of the place is, we are told, the view which is to be obtained from it.

We were rather sorry not to tarry at Como, as there is a fine church there, but we were

anxious to reach Milan the same night, so we took the omnibus to Camerlata, a mile distant, and there we found the train, which brought us to the famous city by ten o'clock. Though it was late when we reached the Hotel Royal, we went out to get a glimpse of the grand Cathedral and the very handsome arcade or Gallery, as it is called, of Victor Emmanuel, which, we had heard, presented a busy scene at night. Our bedroom looked upon the courtvard of the inn, and we did not get much fresh air, but rather a smell of stables. tween seven and eight in the morning, we were on the top of the Cathedral, examining the more remarkable of the 450 marble statues with which it is decorated. We had not a good view of the Alps and Apennines, as the day was not favourable, though fine. breakfast, we took a voiture and a commissioner and drove round a great portion of the city, passing the Arco della Pace, a triumphal arch of marble, on our way to the church, which contains Leonardo de Vinci's celebrated fresco of the "Last Supper," which is to a certain extent obliterated, but was being copied by several artists. We discovered that our guide was a member of the Italian band which used to play in Clifton and Weston. He appeared to be an enlightened man in religious matters, and evidently did not think much of the priests. We gathered from him that serious outbreaks of crime were by no means of common occurrence.

We were sorry not to stay a little longer in Milan, but as our object was to see mountains and lakes rather than cities and towns. we took the midday train to Varese, and we were not sorry that for once we went by the third-class, for we got into conversation with an old French pilgrim, who excited much attention by his peculiar dress. glanced at two tracts which I gave him, one containing a summary of the Christian religion, and put them into his large breviary. He turned out to be a sort of political pilgrim, for he produced some printed verses in honour of Marshal MacMahon, which I think were his own composition. I was not French scholar enough to understand much of what he said when I spoke to him about the one Mediator. without entering deeply into controversy. said, with reference to some of my remarks, that everyone had his opinion. The hotel at Varese is a very handsome one, and beautifully situated.

About four o'clock we once more entered a diligence to go to Porto, at the foot of Lake-Lugano, which was hardly a two hours' drive. We were much pleased with the lake. was scarcely a ripple on the water, and the villages at which we touched in the small steamer were beautifully reflected in it. The lake presents a succession of pleasing landscapes, and its banks are more rugged and uncultivated than those of Como and Maggiore. Monte Salvadore, which is wooded almost to the top, stands out conspicuously, and is chiefly celebrated for the splendid view of the Alps which is to be obtained from it, but we did not remain in the neighbourhood long enough to allow of our making the ascent. We reached the pleasant town of Lugano at nightfall, and found excellent accommodation at the Hotel du Parc, which faces the lake. There was an orchestra and a good band in the garden, and we could sit out and enjoy it without feeling the least chilly. Between seven and eight in the morning, we had a walk through the town to see one of the churches, and soon afterwards we were on our way to Luino, which is situated on Lago-Maggiore. We did not see the northern banks,

which are bounded by lofty mountains, but we had a view of the chief beauties of the lake as we steamed down to Arona.

Pallanza is delightfully situated opposite what are called the Borromean Islands. Of these, Isola Bella attracts most attention, on account of its terraces and statues, with the latter of which it is almost too profusely decorated. After passing Stresa, we looked out anxiously for Monte Rosa, which we are told should be seen from this part of the lake. The day was pretty clear, but though we saw something of the chain of mountains, I do not think the highest point came in view.

We arrived at Arona about half-past four, and were glad to learn that we had an hour before table d'hôte, which enabled us to go and have a peep at the celebrated colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo, which comes upon you all at once, after an ascent of about two miles. It is seventy feet from head to foot, and stands on a pedestal forty feet high. The figure is certainly a very striking one, and well posed.

After dinner, we had a row on the lake for an hour, and witnessed a most lovely sunset, while we had another view of the famous statue. The clouds were of a lovely hue, and the air delightfully soft and balmy. We then rested as well as we could in the reading-room of the hotel till midnight, which was the time announced for the departure of the diligence for the Simplon.

I omitted to state that, as we steamed down Lake Maggiore, we had a long conversation with an intelligent gentleman whose father once occupied an influential position in Our friend was, I believe, a writer in Bristol. the Saturday Review. He was somewhat sceptical in his views, and very severe upon the preaching of the present day, and did not think sermons were much needed. Of course we gave him our view of the matter. He preferred Morley to Lord Shaftesbury as a Christian philanthropist, considering that the former was not quite as narrow as the latter. It turned out that he was well acquainted with relatives of my own, so true is it that the world is smaller than we think. You meet everywhere with those who know something of you or yours. But I must proceed to describe our journey.

When twelve o'clock came there was a great stir in the inn yard. The last train from

Milan had arrived, and there appeared to be a fair number of passengers, but all were not going by the same conveyance. Our names having been read out by the light of a lantern, we entered the diligence. There were six inside, and we found it rather a close fit. The road runs along the lake for many miles, and the moon was rising beautifully over its waters as we left Arona. We passed Stresa and Baveno, which we had seen the previous day from the steamer, and I noticed at one of these places a solitary bathing machine which had before arrested my attention, as it was the only one I saw on the lakes.

In the early morning we passed near the marble quarries which yielded the material for the construction of Milan Cathedral. We were thankful to reach Domo d'Ossola and to be released from our imprisonment. We washed our hands and faces at a pump in the inn yard, and after breakfast felt greatly refreshed. Here I secured a place in the banquette, which in this case was an elevated seat behind, hardly holding two, so my friend went into the coupé, from which you get a very good view of the country. I believe it is thought better to enter Italy by the Simplon,

rather than to take it on returning, as we did. I am not sure, however, that the diligence from Switzerland does not pass the most interesting part in the night. This should be ascertained.

It was about eight o'clock when we left Domo d'Ossola. During the gradual ascent of the first few miles it was pleasant to look back and take a parting view of lovely Italy. Here the eye rests upon a most luxurious district, sprinkled over with white villages. while innumerable bell-towers are to be seen, not only scattered thickly along the valley, but perched on the hill sides. A picturesque and secluded ravine leads up to Iselle, the frontier village where passengers from Switzerland have their luggage searched; but we were not troubled. We next came to the Ravine of Gondo, one of the wildest and grandest in the Alps. The Gallery of Gondo is the longest cut through solid rock in the whole line of the Simplon. At the entrance of this gallery the waterfall of the Fressinone leaps down from the rocks, and is crossed by a handsome bridge. On both sides the rocks rise up almost perpendicularly, and a more sublime scene than that which is here presented to the eye

can hardly be conceived. It was about here that we came across the first of the refuges provided for travellers, which are inhabited by those who are employed in repairing the road. We entered, for we had been walking ahead of the diligence, and found an old woman within. who offered us some wine, for which we duly remunerated her. She spoke German, and I gathered that she was a Roman Catholic. I found no difficulty in getting off and on the diligence while it was in motion, I walked and rode at intervals; and reaching the village of Simplon before it, hastened the dinner, as I wanted to be off again on foot, and so have a little more time in the hospice at the summit than is generally allowed by the conductor.

After leaving Simplon you enter a broad open valley bounded by snow-clad heights. The old hospice, now used by the shepherds, stands far below the new road. On reaching the more spacious modern building I saw few signs of life. One or two men, however, were working outside. It rather took away from the romantic character of the place to see that there was a post office and telegraph wires communicating with the building. I should add that a lively tune was being played on a

piano in one of the upper rooms. I entered and rang a bell which was half way along the passage. All was still for a minute or so, when a thin young monk came tripping down the stairs, and I intimated in French that I wished to see some of the rooms of the hospice. He told me there was not much to see, and proceeded to conduct me to the salle à manger, or general room, in the corner of which stood the piano, which he said was for the use of visitors; but I presume that he was playing on it when I arrived. There are only four brothers in charge of the place, and visitors have their meals with them at eleven and six. I saw one of the bedrooms set apart for them. and was then taken to the kitchen, over which a portly-looking brother appeared to be presiding. We then visited the chapel, and I deposited a franc in the alms box. It was then suggested that I should have a little wine, so we went into a room leading out of the kitchen and a glass of the ordinary white wine was poured out for me. I handed the brother the same tract which I had given to the pilgrim, and told him that it was good and simple, suited to the poor travellers who came to the hospice. He appeared to take it

willingly, and I then asked him how many of the twenty thousand who annually visit the place were bond fide poor people, and I think he said fifteen thousand. As I left the building, the diligenee drove up, and I hastily guided my friend and others through one or two of the rooms which I had seen. While I was mounting the diligence again, my friend went behind and got a peep at the dogs, which I missed. He said they were fine animals. The descent of the pass is somewhat formidable, as in many parts the road is not in the least protected, although on the verge of fearful precipices. We passed through several tunnels in the rock, and as the driver and conductor dipped their heads I followed their example, though I suppose they would have warned me had it been really necessary for The descent to Brieg took about me to do so. three hours. We did not tarry long here, but were taken on through Visp and Tourtemagne to Sierre, which was reached about ten o'clock at night.

I was glad to have crossed the Simplon, as such interesting historical associations are connected with it. Napoleon decided upon its construction immediately after the battle of Marengo, and it was, after the Brenner, the first great route across the Alps. It took six years to complete, and more than 30,000 men were employed upon it. It cost about £5000 a mile, and during its construction Napoleon used earnestly to ask, "Le canon quand pourra-t-il passer au Simplon?"

At seven the next morning, which was Saturday, we started by rail for Martigny, passing Sion, with its three picturesque castles, and reaching our destination in time for breakfast. We had missed our letters at Milan, and were glad to find news from home awaiting us here: though it is not always easy to get your letters even when they are in the post office, and it is desirable, if possible, to look them out yourself. Here we resolved to walk to the far-famed village of Chamouni, so, having made an arrangement with a gentleman who was going by carriage to allow his courier to take charge of our two small bags, we got off about half-past nine. As we walked along we were so much taken up with a conversation in which we were engaged, with reference to an institution in Bristol which has been established by a young lady for the benefit of girls employed in factories, that we did not notice the board which pointed out the turn to Chamouni, and we continued along the high road, walking up hill for perhaps a couple of miles till we discovered our mistake and had to retrace our steps. We afterwards found that we had been on the road to the Great St. Bernard.

Of course we began our real ascent at a disadvantage. It was the hottest part of the day, and some of our strength had been wasted. Nothing daunted, however, we began breast the hill, taking the shortest cut, and crossing at intervals the road for carriages. We were refreshed by the grapes and the milk which we were able to obtain at different stages, and after passing numerous small hamlets composed of rude chalets, we reached the Col de Forclaz in a heavy shower of rain, the first we had had since leaving England. We had been covered with dust, and used to look like millers as we descended from the diligences, but now we were to have wind and rain.

After a light repast we sallied forth for our most arduous climb. At first we descended into a valley, and soon reached the point where you branch off either for the Tête Noir or the Col de Balme. I had been by the former on a previous occasion and was anxious to go over new ground, so after taking shelter from a passing storm in a shepherd's hut, we turned to the left and continued to descend. After we had crossed a stream, we had a very good view of the Glacier du Trient, and noticed the path which leads to it. As we passed a shepherd, he proposed to guide us, so we promised him three and a half francs and took him with us, thinking it would be safer and more cheerful, as there was every prospect of rain and mist. The path winds upwards by zigzags through a forest which has been considerably thinned by avalanches. roots of the pines form steps in the path, and make it very rough for mules. The only travellers we met were a young lady and gentleman who were walking down the hill, their mules being in advance. When we had ascended for about an hour we emerged upon somewhat more level ground, and after more climbing along the side of bleak mountains we attained the summit of the pass about four o'clock, my friend feeling well nigh exhausted from the effort. Here we had bowls of tea with a little cognac added, which we found most acceptable. It is said that in fine weather you have here one of the grandest scenes in the world. Mont Blanc and the various aiguilles and glaciers are seen to great advantage. As it was, we had a good view of the Aiguille du Tour, and we saw the snowy skirts of the monarch of the mountains. It was desirable, however, not to lose time, as the sun was setting and we were three hours from Chamouni, so we commenced the descent, pausing at intervals to gaze upon the magnificent glaciers as they appeared in view.

When we reached Argentinière it was very dark and raining heavily, so we thought it best to take a conveyance into Chamouni. Our driver had to be very careful. At one part of the road, which appeared to be unprotected and near a rushing stream, we met a carriage without lights, and had to pull up quickly. When we were within a mile of the place we overtook some ladies walking behind their mules, and were sorry that we did not ask them in. When we afterwards met them at the hotel, they told us that our lights puzzled them very much for a time.

We drove straight to the diligence office, and an official, anticipating our wants, came to

the carriage door, and booked us for Monday morning's diligence to Geneva. I believe there are rival diligences on this route, which would partly account for his promptness. We went to the Hotel d'Angleterre, where I had once before stayed on my wedding tour, and found that it was to be closed for the season on Monday. Our bags had arrived just before us.

We were told that Mont Blanc had been shrouded in mist for four days, so we were agreeably surprised to find that his head was uncovered on Sunday morning, and what was more, he displayed his full proportions to our admiring gaze during the whole of our sojourn at his base.

The chaplain for the month was once curate in my native town, so we found a good deal to talk about. He suggested that one of us should preach, but we preferred merely to read prayers for him. The chapel was to be closed after this Sunday. A week or two before Lord Hotham and others had got up a subscription for a flagon, and we saw a tablet, which was about to be placed near those of the far-famed Albert Smith and his brother Arthur, in memory of a young lady who lost her life some years ago while ascending Mont

Blanc. We were informed that one lady made the ascent twice this year.

There was a beautiful sunset that evening, the summit of the mountain being gradually lighted up by the departing rays; nor was the sunrise next morning less pleasing.

The conveyance by which we left at halfpast seven happily accommodated a large number outside, and we had an awning which sheltered us from the heavy showers which fell at intervals. Sitting near us were two American judges, with whom we had much interesting conversation. Unlike our other American friend, they had a high opinion of Beecher, and were convinced of his innocence. nor did they think the jury could be packed. They agreed with one who had said the best way to draw out Beecher towards you was to make him think that he had injured you. asked them about the voluntary system, and they said that the poorer districts were reached by means of missionaries. Beecher's congregation did a great deal for home and foreign missions. They intimated that they would gladly have remained for the Communion at the English service had an invitation been given by the minister that morning.

The scenery was very fine during the first part of the journey, but rather tame as we drew near to Geneva, except that there was a view of distant mountains. We arrived there soon after two, and made at once for the Cathedral, which contains Calvin's chair, and is rather a handsome building. I had seen the place before, and we were desirous of reaching Vevey that night, so, after buying a few presents and taking a little refreshment. we left for Lausanne by the half-past four train and arrived at Vevey about eight o'clock. We visited some friends who were staying at the Pension Mooser, situated on a very steep hill behind the town, and then descended to the Grand Hotel, were we found a fashionable company assembled in the large entrance hall to enjoy music and dancing. Lord Chelmsford and others of the aristocracy had recently It is a magnificent come to stay there. building close to the lake.

We left by train soon after seven the next morning, and after spending an hour in Lausanne we again entered the train for Lucerne. We went round by Lake Neuchatel and had a good view of the town with its picturesque church and castle. Though the white campanile towers of Italy are very pleasing, there is not much variety in them, and I was glad to look once more upon the quaint red-tiled towers and spires of Switzerland. I see that there have lately been revival or consecration meetings in Neuchatel, as in England.

We reached the charming town and lake of Lucerne about six in the evening. As it rained in torrents the next morning there was no distant view, but we visited the curious covered bridges ornamented with Holbein's pictures, and saw a panorama of the Rigi, which vividly called to mind the reality seen on a former occasion.

We left for Basle about ten o'clock, and were much struck with the scenery after leaving Olten. I am glad that we devoted more attention to it than had been bestowed when passing over the same line ten days before. We had a four hours' rest at Basle, which we spent in dining at the celebrated Three Kings and in sight-seeing. An orphanage was visited, which is partly supported by voluntary subscriptions. The chief church and the museum were not overlooked, and I made a point of going to see the large Pro-

testant Missionary College, which is situated just outside a very handsome gate. It is a large building, standing in rather extensive grounds, and contains at the present time ninety students. As we drove through the town we were struck with the sight of quite young boys with rifles assembling for drill or practice.

At half-past five we entered the train for Paris, where we arrived about six in the morning. We had plenty of time for washing and breakfast, and at half-past seven we started for Calais.

The Castalia was not available that day, as one of her paddles had been injured. This was a disappointment to many, but I was not sorry to go for once by the mail boat, and so to make sure of the quick train to London. The steamer was crowded, and most of the passengers suffered more or less from mal de mer. My friend, who is a capital sailor, sat on a gun contemplating the misery around him. I thought that in my own case discretion was the better part of valour, so I went and lay down in the cabin, and did not suffer at all. A poor boy near me was moaning and howling the whole time.

On arriving at Ludgate Hill we called at Cook's excursion office, and they took back a few tickets which we had not used, making a deduction of ten per cent. We found our travelling tickets very convenient, and I think we saved a little by the hotel coupons, while at the same time we were well served.

If I were asked what scenery charmed us most of all that we saw, it would be rather difficult to give an answer, but I almost think we should yield the palm to Lake Lugano, the leading features of which I have already described; and if anyone should desire to know what points chiefly struck us in the people and their habits, I should enumerate, among others, the following:-The drudgery of the women, more especially in the fields, and the heavy weights borne by them, the absence of any covering for their heads except sometimes a cap or a veil; the practice of carrying children on a sort of a cushion or pillow; the general civility of the people; the limited number of beggars; the small amount of drunkenness; the absence of any eagerness to obtain money on the part of diligence drivers or conductors; the large coloured umbrellas in general use; the Sunday labour, though

not seen by us this time to any great extent; the punctuality upon the whole of trains and diligences; the universal practice of watching the cattle, probably on account of the absence of hedges; the use of oxen for drawing heavy loads; the possession of the New Testament and not the Old, because of the great additional cost.

It had long been my desire to have a glimpse of the Italian Lakes, and I was glad of the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the health-giving Engadine. The weather was upon the whole most favourable, and by early rising we made the best of our time. It is hardly likely that any future tourist will attempt the same distance in the same time, but the record of our somewhat hasty tour may possibly prove in some degree useful.

We cannot but be thankful that such an opportunity of change of thought and scene has been afforded us whereby mind and body have been refreshed, and we have been once more forcibly reminded of the words of the Psalmist, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches."

## THE NORTH OF IRELAND AND THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

1876.

is indicated by the above heading might not be considered sufficiently interesting to your readers were it not that a fresh impulse to travelling in Scotland has been given by the enterprise of the Midland Railway Company, which runs two expresses daily by the new branch from Settle to Carlisle.

Of one of these we determined to avail ourselves. Accordingly we took the night express on a Tuesday evening in the middle of June. We had to leave our carriage at Sheffield, and wait a few minutes for the London train, which was fairly filled with passengers, some of whom had taken advantage of the Pullman sleeping cars. I should have been sorry to have been in them, because we should thus have missed the somewhat striking

scenery which meets the eye between Settle and Carlisle. When we reached Leeds, about two o'clock in the morning, the *Leeds Mercury* for that day was thrust into our carriage, and we could not but buy it, if only to encourage the enterprise of the publishers.

It was quite light when at three o'clock we entered upon the new line; but as the train passed the different stations somewhat rapidly, and I had no guide to the scenery with me, I cannot convey a very distinct impression of it to your readers. It may suffice to say that a great portion of it is of a wild and bleak character, though we also traversed smiling valleys. The viaducts, I believe, are somewhat remarkable, but these cannot be fully appreciated by those who are passing over them.

A large and expensive book, entitled the "Origin and Progress of the Midland Railway," is shortly to be published, and it will doubtless contain an interesting account of the formation of the Settle and Carlisle line, which was a great triumph of engineering skill, and occupied a considerable period of time in its construction.

We reached Carlisle punctually at five o'clock, but were kept waiting outside the

station. We were glad of the hour's interval which elapsed before the starting of the Dumfries and Stranraer train. I had visited the former place before, and had seen all that is interesting in connection with Robert Burns: so we did not tarry there, but hastened on to take the steamer for Larne. I do not remember that there was anything particularly striking before we reached the point of embarkation, but the country was by no means flat or uninteresting. We had a tolerably calm passage of about two hours. Among the objects of interest seen while crossing there was a pyramid-shaped rock rising out of the midst of the sea, and two rocky islands called the Maidens, on which lighthouses had been erected.

On landing at Larne, we were taken at a rapid rate by train to Belfast. We arrived just as the women—young and old—were leaving the factories for the dinner hour, and were at once struck with the absence of shoes and stockings. Most had bare heads, but in some instances the shawl took the place of a bonnet. I was rather anxious to see an Irish Church Mission School, which there is here, but when going in search of it we found that

in all schools work was finished by three o'clock; so we had to content ourselves with calling upon the clergyman who has the superintendence of the school, and found that he lived in a pleasant house in one of the suburban roads. A lofty ornamental tower, erected in memory of the late Prince Consort. is about the most conspicuous object in the There are some wide streets and handsome buildings. When we were there, the great stone giant, thirteen feet long, said to have been discovered at the Causeway, was being exhibited, and we saw the coffin-shaped box in which it was to be conveyed the following week to the Philadelphia Exhibition. persons, including the guide at the Causeway, appeared to be very sceptical with reference to it. and were inclined to think that the thing was an invention of some enterprising Yankees.

In the evening we took the train to Donaghadee to see some old Clifton friends. It is a small watering-place, consisting of two principal streets. In that which faces the sea the houses are all whitewashed, and consist for the most part of one story. In the middle of the place there is a lotty mound surrounded by a trench, from which a fine view is obtained

of the Scottish coast. Donaghadee was at one time the point from which passengers and goods were taken across to Scotland, Portpatrick, which is immediately opposite, being only twenty-two miles distant. The quay is made of very large stones, in the form of a crescent, without any cement, and is altogether a fine piece of masonry. On our return to Belfast we found that it was raining there somewhat heavily.

Most persons go direct to the Causeway by rail from Belfast, but we had been strongly recommended to take the coast road, and were assured that we should be delighted with this, even if we were disappointed with the Causeway itself. Accordingly we left by an early train, a very slow one, for Larne, which enabled us to have a good view of the scenery of the Belfast lough. There are fine hills in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, and pleasant villas, the residences of Belfast merchants.

We soon came to Carrickfergus, which, with its church and castle, forms a striking object in the landscape. The castle stands close to the brink of the ocean, and is said to have been founded in the latter part of the

twelfth century. Here, and all through our tour we found an abundance of broom, which was just in the perfection of its brightness.

On arriving once more at Larne, which, though pleasantly situated is narrow-streeted and ill-built, we immediately inquired for the mail car, and found that there would be room for us on it. It was a regular Irish car, and the fare was only a penny a mile.

The Antrim coast route is a fine specimen of road making, while at the same time it is exceedingly picturesque and romantic. You have the sea washing up close to you on one side, while tall cliffs of limestone rise abruptly on the other. Glenarm, the first halting-place, is not seen till you are just entering it. The town is in a beautiful vale, opening on a pretty bay.

We had just time to get a peep at the residence of the Earl of Antrim, which is an old castle completely modernized. About three miles further on we came to the village of Cairlough, near which we saw some persons apparently preparing to bathe. The whole coast here is well suited for this purpose, but the weather was chilly.

At Garron Head we left the car, and sent

our bags on by it, as we wished to have some walking through the prettiest part of the route. and also to visit Garron Tower, one of the seats of the Duke of Montrose, which is situated in a lofty position, and is well surrounded by trees and shrubs. It has a very black appearance, owing to the dark colour of the stone, and I was informed by the housekeeper that they sometimes painted it to keep out the damp. thus making it still darker. Inside, there are some interesting family pictures and various curiosities, together with a quantity of fine old panelling. On a lofty eminence at the end of the grounds, from which there is a fine prospect, I found a stone erected to the memory of a favourite dog, on which some verses were inscribed showing how men might learn a lesson of fidelity from the brute Let us hope that the House of Commons will restore that clause to the Vivisection Bill which exempts man's faithful companion from the knife of the torturer. the road from Garron Head we came across another inscription in verse, carved at the base of a large rock, commemorating in touching terms England's generosity to the Irish at the time of the famine. Just about here there is a good view of the blue mountains of Scotland, and the scene was diversified by the passing of one or two large steamers not far from the shore. Here and there were seen women and children employed in gathering the kelp into heaps for burning. We next came to Red Bay, for red clay now took the place of limestone. This district, on account of the combination of mountain, river, and waterfall, has been described as "Switzerland in miniature." We were glad to have passed it before the rain came on, which lasted some I believe the old mountainous road was even more picturesque than the present one, which keeps near the sea.

At the head of Red Bay, into which the Glenariff river falls, there is a Roman Catholic Chapel, and when we were about half a mile off we met little groups who were evidently wending their way home from worship. I asked one of them what day it was, and was told it was one of their holidays, or holy days. I do not know whether your readers have noticed that The Times persists in spelling this word with a y, whether it is speaking of a Foresters' fête or a sacred day. I must confess that I had not then remembered that

it was the festival of Corpus Christi. I had further conversation with others, and in some instances there was a willingness to speak on the subject of their religion, though one man became somewhat irritated and violent. They seemed fully to believe that the Virgin Mary can do great things for them. When we reached the village of Cushendall, we found all the men standing about in their best clothes. No work was being done that day, and I gathered from one of the labourers that they work on Easter Monday and Whit Monday, and even on Good Friday, but not on their own festival days.

After tarrying at Cushendall for an hour, we took a return car which was going to Ballycastle. We had a long walk up a hill, from which we could see in the distance the village of Cushenden, which is picturesquely situated near the sea, a few miles above Cushendall. The drive to Ballycastle is not particularly interesting, as the country is wild and lonely. An old ruin is to be seen not far from the town. A new Roman Catholic Chapel has recently been erected in a conspicuous position.

The next morning we availed ourselves of

one of Moreton & Shaw's tourist cars to visit the Causeway. We had the conveyance to ourselves, which was just as well, as the country was very hilly. Thackeray, in his "Irish Sketch Book," complains much of the beggars who come after the cars in this district. but we did not meet with any, nor were any visible through the whole of our tour. At one point in the road we got out to visit the rocky island of Carrick-a-Rede, and were to meet the car a little further on. A flying bridge of ropes connects this island with the shore, and as you look down upon the yawning chasm below you hestitate to trust yourself to the unsteady boards laid across the ropes. My friend, however, ventured upon the treacherous bridge. and though he went over and returned with little difficulty, he agreed with me that in this instance discretion was the better part of valour, and I was quite satisfied to depart without having accomplished the somewhat trying feat. On joining the car we continued our drive along a somewhat uninteresting road till we reached a group of houses, including an hotel, which marks the spot from which the traveller descends to view the farfamed Causeway. We were put into the hands

of one of the most experienced of the guides, who had a book full of the names of illustrious persons and others to whom he had shewn the wonders of the place. He began by pointing out some red sandstone in the rock, which he specially connected with Hugh Then he showed us some traces of volcanic action which had attracted the attention of Buckland. We next came to a spring of water, of which we took a draught, which was pleasantly mingled with some of the drink of the country, which an old man produced in a bottle drawn from behind a stone. We were then introduced to a venerable old lady who presided over a "wishing-seat," formed in the rocks, and who also had some photographs to sell.

The Causeway was not, perhaps, quite as extensive as we expected, but full of interest. "The number of basaltic pillars is computed at about forty thousand, which vary in diameter, the surface presenting the appearance of a tesselated pavement of polygonal stones." Each pillar is formed of distinct joints, and most of them have five, six, or seven sides.

A little beyond the Causeway you have the Giant's Loom and the Giant's Organ, composed of a series of perpendicular columns. The Giant's Amphitheatre, which is the name given to a cliff of semicircular form, is also a very striking object. Kohl writes enthusiastically of it. Then there are the Giant's Chimneytops, three isolated pillars, said to have been mistaken by the Spanish Armada for the towers of Dunluce Castle, a most romantic object, which we afterwards saw on the way Portrush. There is a fine promontory beyond called the Pleaskin, which we did not visit. While exploring the rocks I could not help pausing from time to time to admire the beautiful clear waves which were breaking majestically upon them. I was almost as much interested in them as in the basaltic formations. On entering again the narrow road which leads down to the Causeway, we saw a carriage coming along, which our guide said at once must contain Americans, as they were not fond of walking; and so it proved. suggested to some strong-looking lads who were forcing boxes of stones and other curiosities upon us that they should emigrate, and leave the ground to those who were more or less incapacitated for work; but they did not seem to see it.

Thus we accomplished what I had long desired to see, and I think I may say that upon the whole it equalled my expectations. Probably more time should have been given to it, and it would have been well to have had a view of the whole from a hoat.

We were not long in reaching Portrush. which is really a very pleasant little wateringplace, with a fine hotel, a good harbour, and numerous lodging-houses. There are also inviting walks by the seaside. We were told that there was a steamer crossing to Glasgow that night, but we preferred taking the train to Coleraine and Londonderry. The latter place is splendidly situated at the head of Lough Foyle. The cathedral is a conspicuous object, standing as it does on the summit of a There is a great deal of stained glass inside, which makes it rather too dark-not an uncommon thing in the present day in our churches; but if in this instance the worshippers cannot see as well as they would desire, they have compensation in the strains of eloquence which must be heard from the lips of their present bishop. The most interesting object in the town is the monument raised in 1828 to the memory of the Rev. George Walker, who is said to have played such an important part in the siege of Derry. nearly two hundred years ago. We were informed, however, that Professor Witherow, of America. considers that the citizens were not as much indebted to Mr. Walker as is generally supposed, but that others were equally deserving of recognition. account of the siege I must refer my readers to Charlotte Elizabeth's well-known book on the subject. There is a pleasant walk round the ramparts of the city. After devoting about an hour to sight-seeing, we adjourned to the Imperial to fortify ourselves with a good dinner before taking the steamer to Glasgow.

The Irish portion of our tour only lasted two days and a half, but we had obtained a very fair idea of the country traversed and the places visited.

As we came on board we found ragged boys selling the *Police News* and other papers. Our vessel was a very old one, but she had a character for being steady-going, and I do not think anyone was disturbed during the night by her movements. Among our fellow-passengers was an aged American, who had

come over to see the old country before his death. The Americans do not visit Europe chiefly for the sake of the scenery, for they have as fine in their own country, but to become acquainted with our ancient abbeys and castles. The old gentleman expressed surprise at the coldness of the weather, which, however, changed for the better the following week.

It is somewhat painful to witness the restlessness of the cattle on board a steamer. Some of us thought in the present instance they were too closely packed, but others more experienced declared that they were not crowded enough. They cannot fight or fall down when huddled together.

We had a good view of the ancient city as we steamed down past the richly-wooded banks of Lough Foyle. We took in some passengers and goods from a boat at Moville, a pleasant town picturesquely situated not far from the entrance of the Lough. It was then desirable to retire to rest as we wished to rise early so as not to miss the beauties of the Clyde the next morning. We were on deck about six o'clock, just in time to see Wemyss Bay and the handsome residence of Mr. John Burns, the great shipowner, who constantly has Lord

Shaftesbury for his guest, and is specially interested in the Clyde training ship.

Dunoon, where I spent a week some years ago, is pleasantly situated on the opposite side of the river a few miles further up, not far from the mouth of Loch Long, and is now a very large place. It is usual for English clergymen to take duty for a month at a time during the summer at many of the watering-places on the Clyde.

Breakfast was announced at seven, and as there is not much to see between Dunoon and Greenock, we descended and did justice to a very fair repast.

At Greenock we disembarked and took the train to Glasgow, passing through Paisley, and if we had thought of it at the time we might have tarried to see the Abbey Church, which is said to be a magnificent building. On leaving the station at Glasgow we crossed over Broomielaw Bridge, which is acknowledged to be one of the finest in Europe, and had a good view of the shipping. We took up our abode at the Royal, in George Square, which is the central point of attraction, being laid out in beds and containing the Scott monument and other statues. It has also, in

or near it, various public buildings and numerous hotels. As the day proved wet we thought we could not do better than go to Stirling. I had seen it before, but was anxious to call upon a friend who lives there. Of course the place was seen at a disadvantage on such a day.

As we passed Bannockburn Station we spied the flagstaff which marks the scene of the great battle, and the lofty Wallace monument, which stands out nobly on the Abbey Craig, was quite discernible through the mist and rain.

There were not many of us at the table d'hôte in the evening, as the season had hardly commenced.

On Sunday morning we were informed by a youth, whom we found reading his bible in George Square, that a free breakfast was being given to a large number of poor people in Glasgow Green, and he kindly offered to guide us to the place. On arriving at the enclosure we learnt that the greater portion of a large tent, under which the Sunday morning breakfasts are given, had collapsed, owing to the rain of the previous night; they had managed, however, to get through the meal

somehow, and an earnest address was being delivered in a corner of the enclosure when we entered.

The seething mass, in number I believe about two thousand, was chiefly composed of poor women and children. The meal consisted of tea with ham and bread. I gathered from conversation which I had with some of the women, that many of the factories were only working half-time. Of course they were a mixed lot, some doubtless coming for the loaves and fishes, and others finding pleasure in the addresses and hymns. We talked to some of the managers, and they said that they hoped by investigation to keep out any who might not be suitable objects of charity. They admitted that such efforts were liable to a certain amount of abuse, but they fully believed that much spiritual good was effected through this instrumentality, and some instances were mentioned. Many came to meetings held at other times, when no food was given.

We called at the Post Office on our return, and saw a very large number of clerks sitting at desks, but it could not be said that there was an overwhelming number of applicants striking object, we got a peep of the "Iona," which leaves Glasgow at seven in the morning for the Kyles of Bute. I had been that route on a previous occasion when visiting Skye, and we wished to devote the short time we had to the north-eastern district of Scotland.

We had a somewhat gloomy day for the Queen of Scotch lakes, but there was much to strike and please the eye in the bright green of the trees which covered thickly the shores and the islands, and the more distant views of vales and mountains. A considerable number of gulls, as usual, were whirling about in the wake of the vessel expecting to be fed.

Last year, when we were at Chamouni, the "Monarch of the Mountains" uncovered his head for us, which we were informed had not been visible for several days, but we vainly looked to Ben Lomond to do the same—he was thickly shrouded in mist.

We had some interesting conversation on the steamer with an American, a minister of one of the Boston churches, who had a portion of his family with him and other friends. He proved to be a writer as well as a preacher, and was preparing an article on "Keble, the Polemic and the Poet." I understood him to maintain that Keble was not altogether consistent, that at times he wore a mask, and was but the mouthpiece of others.

On reaching Inversnaid, near the head of the lake, we resolved to walk across to Loch Katrine, sending our small bags by the coach. While many were rushing to obtain places, we turned aside to view a fine cascade, formed by the river Arklet, the roar of which could be heard from the inn where the coach was stationed. There is a steep hill out of Inversnaid, but after this the road is not particularly interesting.

A small lake is passed before Loch Katrine is reached. As we approached a gate which barred our progress a strong, healthy-looking young woman came out of a cottage with a key in her hand, and intimated to us that it was a rule for every one to say, "please let me through," to mark the fact that we were passing through private property. Loch Katrine was not seen to great advantage, as the day continued dull and rainy; but this did not prevent our having a good view of the grand and beautiful scenery which meets the eye as you pass "Ellen's Isle," just before leaving the steamer. The day improved as

we drove through the Trossachs, a rocky and richly-wooded defile, about a mile in length, the beauty of which it is difficult to describe. The coach remained for half-an-hour at the handsome Trossachs Hotel, where lunch was ready for us. On the way to Callander we were shown the house at which the Oueen once stayed for several days, and the cottage in which she took shelter from a storm. Our American friends were much struck with the profusion of broom and gorse which lined the road on either side, and the coachman left his box to gather some. At the railway station we parted. We happened to see the name "Tilton" on one of their boxes, but we had not the opportunity of learning anything more about them.

The next station to Callander is Dunblane, and here we had to wait an hour for the Perth train, which was just what we wanted, as we were thus enabled to see the ancient Cathedral. As we were leaving the station the clergyman of the Scotch Episcopal Church kindly accosted us, and volunteered to be our guide. The nave is in a ruinous condition, but the choir serves as a parish church. You have a variety of styles of architecture, and the whole is well

worth a visit. We had pointed out to us Archbishop Leighton's favourite walk by the river side. Our kind friend then showed us his own church and parsonage. He is quite a gardener, and had a choice collection of roses. After partaking of a glass of wine we returned to the station and took the train for Perth. I omitted to state that Dunblane is still a place of resort in the summer, though it has long been eclipsed by the Bridge of Allan, which is only a few miles distant.

There is nothing specially to remark with reference to the line to Perth. The town of of Auchterardar, which has some historical associations, stands conspicuously on a hill about a mile from the railway.

At Perth we went to the hotel near the station, and, as there were yet two hours of daylight, we set off at once for Moncrieff Hill, a wooded eminence about three miles from the city, and the view by no means disappointed us. It is generally acknowledged to be one of the finest prospects in Scotland. On our return we walked across an extensive meadow, just outside the city, well adapted for cricket and other sports, which appeared to be much appreciated by the inhabitants. We also

passed a large building where about 200 children are taken in daily, and nursed, while their mothers are at work. It is really an enlargement of a very old institution, provided, I believe, for this same purpose.

The beds in Scotland, as a rule, are rather hard; so we found no difficulty in rising early the next morning to take the first train to St. Andrew's. After rushing through a tunnel under the Moncrieff Hill, we emerged into the beautiful valley on which we had looked down the previous evening.

The first station out of Perth is the Bridge of Earn, a favourite summer resort, and the old bridge is in itself very picturesque. Next comes Abernethy, with its famous round tower, similar to those in Ireland. It is thought that they were designed to answer a two-fold use—to serve as belfries, and as keeps, or places of strength. We also passed Cupar, the capital of Fife, which is a thriving town, pleasantly situated. At Ladybank junction, where we had to wait an hour, we found that we could get a good breakfast.

We had read in the Scotsman as we came along the animated debate of the previous night on the Education Bill, and the same paper contained, the day before, lengthened extracts from Lord Amberley's book, the publication of which is much to be deplored.

We had taken the precaution to put towels in our pockets at Perth, as we looked forward to having a bathe at St. Andrew's. A sharp east wind, however, made the sea very cold, and, though my companion had the courage to take a dip, I did not like the look of it. Later in the day I had a swim in the Dundee baths instead.

St. Andrew's contains many objects of interest. We came first to the University, which has a good quadrangle and an interesting old gateway. Our next point was the Castle, which stands upon a rock overlooking the sea. The ruins are imposing and remarkably picturesque, and we were guided over them by the son of a professor who happened to be walking in the grounds. We were interested to find here the grave of Samuel Rutherford. whose quaint and highly spiritual letters are probably known to some of your readers. parish church is as ugly as it well can be, having galleries all round, but it is so constructed that every one can both see and hear. Dr. Boyd, the present minister, so well known as the author of "Recreations of a Country Parson," &c., purposes to make some improvement as regards the appearance. Here there is a striking monument of white marble in honour of Archbishop Sharp. The details of his murder are well brought out in relief.

There are other interesting buildings, including the house where Sir David Brewster lived. We saw the spots on which Wishart, Hamilton, and other martyrs suffered for the truth, and there is a martyrs' pillar near the sea. One of the professors invited us into the library of the University to show us a coin of the time of Innocent IV, which had recently been picked up on the shore. There are extensive downs called the Links, on which the game of golf is played.

We returned to Perth by Dundee, and had to cross a ferry before reaching the latter place. There is an interesting old steeple in the centre of the town. Near the docks there is a very handsome stone arch, marking the spot where Queen Victoria once landed. The Albert Institute, which includes a free library and picture gallery, stands in Albert Square, and is a fine building.

Dundee is a great place for the jute trade,

though, in the minds of most of your readers, it is probably associated with marmalade. It is very difficult to get a sight of the interior of Keiller's establishment, but we managed it. As it was not the season for making marmalade, and as the workpeople were at dinner, we did not see much, but we got a fair idea of the process. Other preserves and confectionery were being prepared.

The line from Dundee to Perth is a very pleasant one. On the one side you have the noble Tay, and on the other many grand mansions, including the seats of Lord Kinnaird and Lord Gray, and these are situated on the slopes of hills, which are diversified by picturesque crags and rich woods.

On reaching Perth again we visited the Episcopal Cathedral of St. Ninian, in connection with which there have recently been some unhappy disputes, and after partaking of dinner took the seven o'clock train for Aberdeen.

Soon after leaving Perth we had a glimpse of the dark red sandstone turrets of Scone, built on the site of the ancient palace of the Kings of Scotland. From Stonehaven to Aberdeen the railway runs by the coast, which makes a pleasing variety.

It was nearly eleven when we reached our hotel at Aberdeen, but this did not prevent us rising early the next morning, because we wished to see the Queen at Ballater in the middle of the day, and we did not know how long it might take us to explore "the granite city." When we turned out at six in the morning we found a guide just outside our hotel, and he was most useful in pointing out all that was worthy of notice.

The Town House is a very imposing granite building, and the whole view down the main street is most striking. It is a very long walk to the Cathedral which is in the old city. We passed on the way King's College which is a venerable edifice, with a somewhat remarkable tower. A little beyond is the Cathedral. It has a good west front and two lofty spires. We returned by a different route, and had the opportunity of seeing the chief granite yard, which contained some huge blocks. We were also shewn a very ancient-looking house in which Mary Queen of Scots lived. We came in to breakfast about half-past eight o'clock, having seen most, if not all, of the lions of the place. We had still nearly two hours, which were employed in visiting a friend, and making purchases. A little after eleven we took the Deeside trainfor Ballater. The most important and interesting places on this line are Drum, Banchory, and Aboyne. We had pointed out to us the hill of Morven, to which Byron refers in one of his poems. It still retained a patch of snow.

When we reached Ballater preparations were being made for the Queen's arrival, and the Royal train was already drawn up to the platform. A considerable number of persons had assembled in the neighbourhood of the station, prompted by curiosity or loyalty. The latter was somewhat severely tested by the blinding dust, with which all were speedily covered. Presently a guard of honour of the 1st Royal Scots took up their appointed position. several carriages Then came containing servants and others with luggage, and shortly before two the white horses of the Queen's carriage appeared in view. The Guard of Honour presented arms, but strict silence was preserved. From the number and character of those assembled it is hardly likely that a cheer would have been successful, and a poor hurrah is perhaps worse than none at all. It seemed, however, to be understood that the Queen

objects to any demonstration on these occasions. Her Majesty's large parasol and the hat which partially covered her face prevented her loyal subjects having a very good view of her, but so far as we could judge she looked remarkably well. The Princess Beatrice was seen to advantage at the window of the Royal saloon carriage. The train started punctually at two o'clock, and silence was observed to the last. We arranged with the driver of one of the carriages which had come from Balmoral to take on our bag, that we might be free for walking.

Ballater is charmingly situated, and is a favourite place of resort for the citizens of Aberdeen. We did not linger long here, but started on foot for Balmoral. We were soon overtaken by another of the empty carriages, and easily procured a lift. In driving along we occasionally obtained a view of Lochnagar, the most famous of the Deeside mountains.

As we wished to tarry for a time at Crathie and Balmoral, we left the conveyance which had picked us up, and ascertained that the other which contained our bag was going on to Braemar, which was also our own destination.

We had to call at the manse for the key of

Crathie Church, and the Rev. Mr. Campbell's young servant accompanied us to it. It is a remarkably plain edifice situated on rising ground. Her Majesty's pew is in the gallery opposite the pulpit. We were told that the psalms to be sung on Sunday were usually sent to her the day before. Two large stained glass windows, representing David and St. Paul, have been placed in the church by the Queen. in memory of the Rev. Norman Macleod, who was one of her favourite chaplains. We were informed that Her Majesty had been very attentive during the recent illness of Mrs. Campbell, and had called the day before she It was also intimated that she liked to left. visit the poor around, without being known. Though this might be accomplished when first she made Balmoral her residence, it must be difficult now to go about without being at once recognised.

After crossing a handsome suspension bridge, which we saw was made by a firm at Chippenham, we walked into the grounds of Balmoral. We gave a policeman our cards, and he allowed us to proceed in the direction of the house, but gave us the impression that we should have to return by the way we came.

It is unnecessary to give a minute description of the castle. It is built in the old Scottish baronial style, with some modifications. We were struck with several pieces of sculpture over the doors, which appeared to represent hunting scenes. The remarkable thing was that as we passed the house we did not see a creature nor hear a sound, and yet the Queen had only left three hours before.

After walking round the castle, keeping a little distance from it, we followed a path which runs for a long way by the side of the Dee, and were wanting to cross the river in order to get into the main road. When at length we came to the end of the walk we found some gentlemen fishing. They were evidently a little surprised to see us, but told us that we should soon come to a lodge and a bridge. Accordingly we went walking on through the estate, but did not see either.

After going on for several miles we found ourselves at the Falls of the Garrawalt, one of the great sights of the neighbourhood usually visited from Braemar. The water rolls over several banks of considerable height, and from a wooden bridge which crosses the stream at the highest point a splendid view is obtained of

the distant mountains, which had not then altogether east off their mantle of snow. The scene reminded us forcibly of Switzerland.

We had vet a walk of five miles before us. In about a quarter of an hour we came to a bridge and a lodge, and were then on the high road to Castleton of Braemar, as the place is strictly called. Invercauld House is a very handsome granite mansion, beautifully situated; and Braemar Castle is an interesting object, not far from the town. The first inn which invites the traveller is the Invercauld Arms, and I believe it is very comfortable; but our bag had been taken to the Fife Arms. which is undoubtedly the first hotel, and has a very large and handsome dining-room. We arrived there, covered with dust, about nine o'clock, and did justice to our supper, as we had had little to eat since breakfast.

To our great surprise the next morning was wet, and yet there was a general impression that it would not rain all day. Professor Airey, now advanced in years, had driven off with his daughters in an open conveyance, and expected to walk some twelve miles before night. Our object was to get South to the Highland Railway, and more especially to

Blair Athol. We had almost decided to join another party and approach it in a round-about manner, when we resolved to make a bold start and take the shortest cut, which was thirty miles. It was desirable to take a dog-cart for the first twelve miles, which we did; nor did we omit to furnish ourselves with provisions, as we were assured that we could not obtain refreshment at any point on our journey.

Three miles from Braemar we halted to view the Falls of Corramulzie, and three miles further on we came to the Linn of Dee, which is much thought of, but which, perhaps, we did not fully appreciate, as our visit was somewhat hurried.

It had been moderately fair for some time, but as we drove on through a most desolate country the rain descended in torrents. Presently we arrived at a stream, and the driver suggested that we should cross by a rickety bridge a little above, leaving him to go through alone. The passage of the bridge was not very easy, as there was no railing, and only rough pieces of wood placed at intervals to tread upon.

As we drove along we drew out our driver,

who looked sorrowful, and found that he had just lost a sister, and had been all the way to Brighton to bring away some of the children. She was a soldier's wife. My companion, who was sitting by him, sought to comfort and instruct him from God's word, and he listened attentively. He put us down at a solitary house, where a gamekeeper lodged.

We suggested to a shy youth that he should guide us a few miles and carry our bag, but he made some excuse, and the gamekeeper himself cheerfully offered to accompany us. Happily we had only one small bag, as the other had been sent on from Perth to Dunkeld, where we expected to be at the end of the week.

It was not desirable to linger, as the streams were swelling every minute, so we started off at a good pace along a rough moist path overhanging the Tilt—which is here a broad rushing river—and were frequently ankle deep in bog and water. In a little time our guide began to look thoughtful. We were approaching a point where a mountain stream intersected our path. It was a wide deep torrent that day, and he said that he could not think of letting us cross. We were told next day that we might perhaps have got over if we had

gone out of our way a mile or two up the stream. The question of questions now was what was to be done? We did not like to beat a retreat. It was at once determined that we should stem the broad Tilt itself. Our guide volunteered to cross first, carrying the bag. Then came my companion, with his coat rolled up upon the top of his head, reminding us of the pictures of natives crossing Indian rivers with baggage. I followed. Our guide stood firmly in the river and held out his stick for us to grasp in case of need. My umbrella bears traces of the strain put upon it, as I planted it firmly in the stream, and staggered through to the other side.

Of course our shoes and stockings and trousers were soaked through and through, as the river was nearly three feet deep. Here our guide left us and re-crossed the stream. I could not help expressing a hope that we might as safely cross the river of death.

We were told that we should find some sort of path which would take us to our destination. It was a very narrow one, and we had to plant our feet carefully to avoid slipping down into the river. The bag, which we carried alternately, was rather an encumberance, but we were going along at a fair pace when suddenly we came to a wide valley, and found a stream rushing across our path, almost as formidable as that which our guide told us could not be crossed. My companion resolved to make the attempt near the point where it falls into the Tilt, but I went higher up in search of a better place for crossing, and finding a spot where there was some shingle, which made the stream itself narrower, I managed to get across, though I felt the current very strong.

I saw nothing of my companion, but made for the hill on the opposite side of the valley, and when I had climbed up for a short time he appeared in sight, and told me of his somewhat adventurous passage of the torrent. We had rather a weary trudge along the side of the mountains for a few miles further till we came to a bridge, which took us into the regular path which we had been compelled to leave three hours before on account of the strength of the torrent which intersected it, and we soon found ourselves in the carriage road which leads to Blair Athol. The banks of the river were very pretty, especially at one point, where there was overhanging rock, and the shade of trees. A short cut is provided for horses and foot passengers, but we did not find it very interesting, and were thankful when at nightfall Blair Athol came in view.

We should have been sorry to have missed Glen Tilt, though we certainly did not expect to find the passage of it so difficult. The gloom of the day was in keeping with the character of the scenery. It has been well described as "Alpine, deep, and narrow—a ditch to guard and separate a world." As seen on that day it was a fit emblem of "the valley of the shadow of death."

We suffered very little, if at all, from our long walk in wet clothes. The risk would have been if we had lingered anywhere for more than a few minutes.

I have omitted to mention an incident which occurred not long after we commenced our walk through Glen Tilt. We saw a man approaching us, accompanied by two dogs. He proved to be a shepherd. He had gone after a lost sheep and was lost himself, for a mist had come over the mountains, and he had been wandering about from daybreak, and did not know where he was. Our guide gave him directions, and we parted, not without

expressing the hope that the care of the Good Shepherd might be over him. It is a solemn thought that the spiritual shepherd may himself be lost in the mists of error, unless he be kept in the right way by the Chief Shepherd.

After a good night's rest at the Athol Arms, we took the train in the morning to Killiecrankie. At the station we met with an old guide, who first took us to his own cottage, where we found a good collection of photographs on sale, and some excellent milk. The old man had a great deal to tell us about the excellencies of his wife, whom he had lost. appears that a Bristol gentleman, whose name he could not give us quite correctly (but we hope to find out who he was), once visited his cottage, just as we did, and his wife, who was serving the poor with milk and other articles. paid no attention to the strange gentleman. but went on with her work. This so pleased him that he afterwards sent her a gratifying letter and a valuable workbox. The old guide was most anxious that we should take a message to him.

The Pass was a great contrast to Glen Tilt. "The hills, which on both sides approach very near, are covered with natural wood, and descend in rugged precipices into the deep channel of the Garry." What is called "The Queen's View" embraces the railway which runs through the Pass, and gives variety to the scene. Several spots were pointed out which are associated with the great battle fought here in 1689 between the Highland clans under Viscount Dundee and the troops of King William. The "Soldier's Leap" was also shown us in the bed of the river. A great variety of wild flowers may be gathered here.

After going through the Pass we visited the Falls of Tummel. The scene is most enchanting from the character of the landscape, and the Falls are remarkably grand and beautiful. A small granite pillar has been erected to mark the spot where her Majesty stood to view the prospect. On our return from the Falls a pleasant walk of two-and-a-half miles along the high road brought us to Pitlochrie, where there is an excellent hotel with extensive grounds. The scenery here becomes somewhat tamer.

Our next stage was by rail to Dunkeld. The station is really at Birnam, which stands on high ground, where there is a large hotel and many good houses, Dunkeld itself being about a mile distant. The approach is good, as the Tay, which is here a noble river, is crossed by a handsome bridge, and the Cathedral, which has a fine tower, is seen "nestling among wooded mountains." It stands in the grounds of the Duke of Athol. The Dowager Duchess resides here, the Duke himself having a residence at Blair Athol. We happened to hear that the custom of playing the bagpipes outside the house during meal times is still observed. The grounds are beautiful and very extensive, and the public are admitted.

As we travelled from Dunkeld to Edinburgh we saw in the distance what we took for Ben Lomond, and Stirling Castle stood out of the plain to great advantage; nor did we omit to notice the ruin of the royal palace of Linlithgow. The "Modern Athens" was seen to advantage that Saturday afternoon, as the sun was shining brightly. The Castle, Holyrood Palace, and the Calton Hill were once more visited, and, as we were still feeling the effects of our walk through Glen Tilt, the evening was closed with a Turkish bath.

On Sunday morning we found that a free

breakfast was going on at the Drill Hall, conducted in much the same way as that which we attended in Glasgow. Mr. Paton, who is well known in connection with evangelistic movements in London, was among those who took part in the meeting. We heard some of the best preachers in the course of the day, which was concluded with singing and prayer in the saloon of the hotel.

The next morning we took the train to Melrose: but, as the land of Scott had been visited by one of us before, we did not tarry there more than a quarter of an hour, but availed ourselves of the Midland express, which took us through Hawick to Carlisle at the rate of about a mile a minute. The Glasgow portion, which had come through the land of Burns, reached Carlisle just at the same time as ourselves. The united train was fairly full when it left Carlisle. We had time to see the Cathedral before our train started for Newcastle. We went by this route in order to see Durham, where we found ourselves about six o'clock. It was a busy time there. as the Assizes were being held, and the members of the University were to go down the next day. We were much struck with the

large proportions and massive appearance of the Cathedral. The charming feature of it, however, is the situation, poised, as it is, on the wooded bank of the Wear. Kohl considers that, taken as a whole, it is one of the finest things in the world. The castle stands on the same hill as the Cathedral.

From Durham we went to York, and after a sojourn of two hours, visited friends at Knaresborough, which is well situated, and has attractions in the form of a petrifying well and an ancient castle, not to speak of Mother Shipton's Cave, which is still an object of interest. We slept at Harrogate that night, and on Wednesday morning our faces were directed homewards.

We made a detour, however, to visit Ilkley and Ben Rhydding, which are famous for their hydropathic establishments, and are also attractive on account of the surrounding scenery. An hour was spent in Leeds, and Bristol was reached at eight in the evening—a better hour than eleven, which is the time of the arrival of the Scotch express.

Thus comes to an end our annual fortnight's tour, and a pleasanter one we never had. September has usually been our month; but

we found an advantage in the long days of June. I suppose the Western Highlands and Skye, would be considered by many the finest part of Scotland; but every district has its peculiar charms.

Though this somewhat ordinary sketch of our route may not be very interesting to the general reader, I hope it may prove of some little use as a guide to future travellers.

[An account of my visit to Skye was embraced in a lecture given at Clifton in 1870.]

## A WEEK'S TOUR IN NORMANDY.

1876.

which I sent of a short tour in Normandy and Brittany. As might be expected, some interesting places were left unvisited on that occasion, and I was glad of the opportunity which presented itself this autumn of seeing more of this interesting country. I should state that the desire to do so had been greatly stimulated by the reading of Katherine Macquoid's profusely-illustrated account of her own tour through Normandy. She made a point of visiting some of the smaller towns, and more especially the numerous bathing places which lie along the coast.

I was joined by a relative as my companion in travel; so starting from London on a Monday afternoon in September, we reached Dover just after sunset, and took up our abode for the night at the Lord Warden. It appears that the gigantic Imperial Hotel, which is a conspicuous object as you approach the town by water, has proved a failure, and is closed.

By rising early the next morning I secured a bathe near the Shakespeare cliffs, but found the water far from clear.

We had a smooth passage by the Castalia as on a previous occasion. There did not appear to be more than fifty or sixty persons on board. We perceived a very slight rolling of the vessel, but no one seemed to be inconvenienced by it. It took us about two hours and a quarter to cross the Channel.

We had time to stroll about Calais before our train started, and after once more visiting the principal church we found a pleasant shaded walk which followed the course of the ramparts.

As we did not care to be hurried along all the way to Amiens by first-class express, we got out at Boulogne, and there availed ourselves of a slower train which was to leave in half an hour after our arrival. This enabled us to renew our acquaintance with this somewhat lively town.

We determined as an experiment to go to Amiens in a third-class carriage, but we found it very uncomfortable, and for the future kept to the second-class. There was much to interest, however, in our company. By one window sat a priest, reading a newspaper, though they generally have some devotional book in their hands when travelling. In the course of the journey I saw that he and some of his homely neighbours—who I suppose had taken compassion on him-were busily employed devouring bread and meat. another part of the carriage were several sisters of mercy, who had with them some Irish girls, in ordinary dress, who were being taken. I presume, to a convent in Paris. At one station I noticed a little deformed man, whom I had seen before. He was piping vigorously just outside the railings, hoping, doubtless, to have some coppers thrown to him by the passengers. passed Abbeville we strained our eyes to catch sight of the fine Cathedral, but it was almost too far off to enable us to get a very good idea of it. The country is somewhat tame and uninteresting, except that now and then you have pleasant glimpses of the Somme, which here is rather wide and picturesque.

On reaching Amiens we made for the Hotel

du Rhin, which, though it has a somewhat dingy exterior, is well situated in a handsome square laid out as a public garden. We had time to visit the Cathedral before table d'hôte at six. In the month of September the time is inconveniently early, as you lose the last twilight hour of the shortening days. We met at dinner a party from Clifton, with one of whom I had some pleasant conversation.

The next morning, which was very foggy, we were at the Cathedral before seven, and found, as usual, a considerable number of persons at their devotions and several priests performing mass. The Cathedral is magnificent in its proportions and exquisitely finished in detail. The vault is half as high again as the roof of Westminster Abbey. The choir stalls are most elaborately carved. Perhaps the west front is the most interesting part of the building. It has three remarkable and deeply recessed doorways, and has been truly described as one mass of sculpture. We also visited the new museum, which is remarkably handsome. The rooms and corridors on the groundfloor are beautifully coloured, and contain very handsome pillars. Above there is a large picture gallery.

At eleven o'clock we took the train to Rouen, which I had not seen for fifteen years. The train was a slow one, and the country uninteresting. We managed, however, to fill up the time by reading as well as we could the French papers, and we had also secured the Daily News, which is on sale at the principal stations. There is a pleasing descent into Rouen through thickly wooded country. The clerk at the Post Office was rather long in producing the letters which awaited us. They seem rather to like to make a difficulty about the names.

After glancing at some of the churches, we availed ourselves of the two remaining hours of brilliant sunshine to walk to the Mont St. Catherine, a hill on the east of the city rising above the Seine, from which we had a capital view of the various churches and of the white houses which are built along the slopes of the hills, reminding us a little of our own Bath. I will not attempt to describe the various churches: it may suffice to say that St. Ouen is considered a perfect model of graceful Gothic architecture. We were at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, on the quay, nearly opposite the suspension bridge which crosses the river.

In the book on Normandy, to which I have already referred, so much is said about the expedition to Andelys and Château Gaillard that we resolved to rise early and accomplish it. We left the station on the other side of the river at six o'clock, in the midst of a dense fog. We were near the Seine for a considerable portion of our journey, which lasted about an hour and a half.

At Gaillon station we found a public conveyance ready to take us to Les Andelys, a distance of about six miles. At the Grand Andelys there is an ancient and picturesque hostelry, called the Hotel du Grand Cerf, the residence of an archbishop of Rouen in the time of Henry IV. The large rooms are partly wainscoted with black oak and partly covered with old tapestry. The whole place is filled with curiosities which have been carefully collected by the master of the hotel. In order to gain a little more time we took a private carriage to convey us to Château Gaillard and thence to the station.

When we arrived at the castle it was still shrouded with mist, which did not clear away till we were just taking our departure. It is situated on a lofty eminence overlooking the Seine, and is seen at a great distance. Richard Cœur de Lion built it, and is said to have been his own architect. Some of the walls are from fourteen to fifteen feet thick.

We were at Gaillon station again soon after ten o'clock, and returned to Rouen much pleased with our early morning expedition.

We had time to see a little more of the town before going on board the Seine steamer at three o'clock. It happened most conveniently for us that she was sailing on that day and at that hour. Most of the passengers were destined for Honfleur or Havre; but we did not much like the idea of going on for two or three hours in the dark, and besides we were anxious to see as much as possible of Caudebec, which is highly spoken of in Katharine Macquoid's book.

The river winds in a remarkable manner, and the scenery throughout is very pleasing, and may be described as grand in some places. There are numerous islands, planted with willows and poplars. Though several villages lined the banks, we hardly ever stopped to take in passengers or goods. At one point there were hills of considerable height, partly bare and partly wooded; while on the plain at the

other side a good view was obtained of the Abbey of Jumieges, with its lofty octagonal towers.

We arrived at Caudebec soon after sunset, and the evening sky was beautifully reflected upon the water as we approached. The river now becomes very wide, and lights are placed on the numerous sand-banks which here make their appearance. We had a little difficulty in deciding upon our hotel, but we selected the Hôtel de la Marine, which had been recommended. Here we found comfortable quarters of a somewhat primitive character, and it happened most suitably for us that they were just going to table d'hôte at seven when we arrived. The landlord presided, and there was the usual soup, followed by the meat with which it had been made, and two or three other dishes. There were several large decanters of cider on the table, corresponding to our water bottles.

In the morning we found a boy cleaning our boots on the stairs, and we sallied forth about seven o'clock to see the town. It was curious to watch the grocers of the town, in blue blouses, roasting and grinding coffee on the pavement before their shops. I availed

myself of the services of a woman barbernot an uncommon personage at one time in our own country, for we read in old stories of the road that "a woman shaved the coach." The church steeple is very handsome, and has graceful flying buttresses. The town abounds in quaint old houses and narrow streets. obtained a good photograph of it from a tailor. who appeared to be the only bookseller in the place; but all I could see on his counter was a wretched penny publication full of foolish and sensational stories intended for Sunday reading. At Havre I found a very good penny publication, entitled, L'Ami de la Maison, exactly corresponding to our British Workman, but I should think it circulates chiefly among Protestants. One of the best views is from the quay, at one end of which there is a double avenue of lofty arched trees. Seine makes a grand bend on either side, and the wooded hills form a beautiful background. French artists have often selected this place as a subject for their paintings.

We found that the only way of reaching Lillebonne was by taking a private carriage. As our bill was moderate, and cider had for once taken the place of wine, we had less scruple as regards the additional expense. We found the drive very pleasant, and we descended at some of the villages to have a peep at the church. In one of these was a figure of our Saviour suspended on an anchor in place of the usual cross, and which, I presume, was intended to be emblematic of the Christian's hope, the anchor of the soul, which is the result of Christ's death.

Lillebonne is pleasantly situated on the stream of the Bolbec. The chief objects of interest, however, are the old eastle, once the residence of William the Conqueror, and the remains of an ancient Roman theatre. The semi-circular portion of the theatre, allotted to spectators, is cut out of the side of a hill, and there are many fragments of masonry. If I recollect rightly, there is something of the kind at Dorchester. We found that there was a public conveyance to take us to Bolbec, and thence to the railway station on the Rouen and Havre line.

We did not go at once to Havre, but took a branch line to Fécamp, which is interesting historically, and is a much frequented bathing place. The streets are for the most part narrow and dull, consisting of low brick houses, but there are wide spaces near the Abbey Church. This is a large and handsome building, in the early pointed style, with some Norman features. Behind the choir is a small white marble shrine, with sculptured figures on it, said to contain a portion of the precious blood of our Lord. This was a favourite church of William the Conqueror.

There is a good beach and promenade, with high cliffs rising at either side, and a very large hotel. As the day was warm we resolved to have a bathe, and found it rather a formidable business. You are pretty well covered by a garment which takes the place of waistcoat and drawers, and over this you wear a white sheet till you get to the water's edge. You are also provided with a peculiar kind of slipper, which you may take into the water or not, as you like. You have to walk a considerable way from the bathing box to the sea. passing different groups who are seated on the shingle. I cannot say that we enjoyed the bathe, as there was a strong surf which seemed almost to pull us down along with the stones of the steep beach. It was curious to mark the interest with which a French youth was regarded by his friends as he emerged from the water. There was a bathing man to help those who could not swim; and though I can swim myself, I felt it prudent to keep near to him in a strange place. There was a little boat a few yards out to render assistance in case of need. The ladies were got up in a very peculiar costume. They had a little white cap on their heads, and, with gaily trimmed coats taken in at the waist and broad trousers tapering to the bottom, they presented a picturesque appearance.

At six o'clock the following morning we took the diligence for Etretat. The road was somewhat monotonous except when we passed through a wooded valley. At one of the villages we saw a funeral procession. women were in deep mourning, but the men wore variegated scarves over their white There is a long descent into Etretat. It has been truly said that its position is perfect, placed as it is at the juncture of two valleys which find their way here to the sea between two chalky cliffs. These cliffs have been excavated by the sea into arches, aiguilles. and other fantastic shapes. On the grassy summit of one of the cliffs a chapel has been erected. Etretat is a favourite resort of artists

There is not much space for walking about between the two cliffs, and a good deal of it is filled up by houses and fishermen's huts, which are really the hulls of old boats thatched and so made into storehouses. The hills round Etretat are pleasantly wooded. Of course there is bathing here as at Fécamp, but the season was nearly over. We witnessed a somewhat remarkable sight the morning we were there. It was Saturday, and about seventy women were busy washing clothes on the shelving beach close to the sea. They were not using salt water, however, but fresh water, which was percolating through the stones in which they made hollows to receive it. It appears that once a river ran through Etretat, but it has disappeared, and now only manifests its presence in the way I have described.

As there was no diligence to Havre till four o'clock, we suddenly resolved to take a private carriage and drive to Les Ifs, a station about ten miles distant. For a long time we traversed again the Fécamp road, but presently drove to the right and reached the little station just, and only just, in time to catch the train. We were thus enabled to reach Havre soon after one o'clock. Here I recovered my felt

hat, which I had left in the railway carriage the previous day, and which I was glad to substitute for the small velvet shull cap with which I had to go about Etretat. The station-master at the junction for Fécamp had kindly written about it, and I received it again minus the mourning band which was on it. I was so glad to recover my hat that I did not care to inquire why this was missing.

We had a long afternoon in Havre, which I had visited before. It is a handsome modern city, with pleasant boulevards and squares. There are also some tolerably fine churches and public buildings. We had a very enjoyable bath, and were got up much in the same manner as at Fécamp. We were at Frascati's hotel, which is a very large one, with an extensive frontage to the sea.

We were surprised to find Sunday morning wet and stormy. On our way to the English Church, which is a handsome cathedral-like building in a distant part of the town near the railway station, we looked into the principal Romish Church, where the sermon was just beginning and was being quietly delivered. There appeared to be a consider-

able preponderance of women. We next entered the French Protestant Temple, as it is called, where there was a fair congregation and a good sprinkling of men. We afterwards learnt that the preacher, who was very animated, is one of the broad school, and a friend of Dean Stanley. There is another pastor, who preaches alternate Sundays. At the English Church we had a short suggestive sermon from the Epistle for the day, on "The Marks of the Lord Jesus." As the chaplain seldom got assistance, I was glad to preach for him at the four o'clock service, which was choral.

Between the services, we took a walk to some lighthouses about a mile from the town. As we went along we had the distant view of the opposite coast with the hills of Calvados, while on the other side was the wooded valley leading to St. Addresse, which is sprinkled with white houses, and presents a very pleasing appearance. We passed the little chapel of Notre Dame des Flots, which is filled with the votive offerings of sailors and their wives. It was a sad display of Mariolatry, as the Virgin evidently held the prominent place and was spoken of as the only hope of voyagers. I took

the opportunity here and elsewhere of saying a few words about Christ as the only Saviour and Mediator.

We went into a church in the town where they seemed to be reciting Psalms with great pomp and ceremony on the part of the officiating priests. Along the sides of the church were classes of boys and girls sitting round a brother or a sister clad in the accustomed garb, but not attending to the service.

I had a long conversation at table d'hôte with a young Frenchman who stayed in Cardiff for six months with the view of learning English. He thought it better to be there than in London, where so many can speak French. He appeared to be a very busy man, and advocated strongly Sunday travelling for purposes of business. Of course I argued against it, and showed how the merchants of London got on without Sunday letters or Sunday travelling. Frascati's is a very fashionable place, and there was music and dancing on Saturday if not on Sunday evening. There is, however, a reading room where quiet individuals can take refuge.

Our original plan for Monday was to make a day's excursion by steamer to Honfleur or Trouville and to cross over to Southampton at night; but as the wind was blowing strong and the sea was by no means smooth, we decided to go round to Calais by Rouen and Amiens, sleeping at Arras on the way. We had a good view of the spire of Harfleur, the first station from Havre, and found the country very pretty as we approached Rouen. The intermediate district was not particularly interesting, consisting for the most part of high table-land, with no hedges and few trees except around villages and farm houses. We were glad to have a good part of an hour in Rouen and to revisit St. Ouen.

It was rather monotonous to have to retrace our steps from Rouen to Amiens, and there was little to see between Amiens and Arras, which are both in Picardy. One village church standing out on the plain, with two towers, arrested our attention. Arras is a large and fine city, and in entering it you pass through lofty ramparts, which present an imposing appearance. The Hôtel de l'Univers, where we took up our abode, is a very good one, with new wood panellings along the staircase and corridors. We sauntered out to see what we could of the town the same evening.

Some of the inferior cafés were very full of noisy men and women. Here I may add that we saw one or two drunken persons during our tour-not more. The chimes of the Hôtel de Ville, of which we could not see much in the dark, were very pleasing. We rose between six and seven the next morning to view it more fully, for it is the chief object of interest. It is a fine building, in the latest Gothic, resembling our Elizabethan, and has a lofty tower. One of the doorways is beautifully sculptured. The Grande Place in which it stands is surrounded by gable-faced houses supported on areades, and it presents to a great extent the appearance of a Flemish town. The Cathedral is an immense Grecian building, near the museum, to which a large garden is attached. We left Arras for Calais about nine o'clock, and obtained a glimpse en route of the towers and spires of Hazebronck and St. Omer.

Before recording our departure from France I should, perhaps, say that we were upon the whole favourably impressed with the people of the country. We saw little of raggedness or abject poverty. The clean white caps of the women, often beautifully embroidered, are

pleasing to look upon compared with the dirty finery which too often disfigures the heads of the women of the humbler classes in England. Almost the only beggars we met with were a few old people at the doors of the churches. One or two other points may, perhaps, be worthy of notice. The gatekeepers at the crossings on the railways were always women, and they wore a broad-brimmed glazed hat which half covered their faces. The cattle and the goats were generally tethered. ploughmen seemed to do little more than scratch the surface of the earth. We can certainly testify to the punctuality of the They are allowed plenty of time to accomplish the journey, and generally arrive at their destination to the minute. that it were so in England! I may just add that it is curious to notice on all their covered waggons the intimation that they can accommodate thirty-two men and six horses. must indicate that in time of war they are available for the transport of troops. noticed the number 51,000 on some of them.

We had nearly an hour to wait in Calais for the train from Paris which we spent in buying a few additional presents for friends at

home, and others appeared to be doing the The man who carried our bags to the pier assured us that the sea would be perfectly The Castalia was waiting for us and the mail boat behind her. It was amusing to notice that whenever the former whistled the latter took up the note immediately. We got out of harbour about ten minutes before the mail boat, but she soon overtook us with one of her sails set. The sea was rough, and before we reached Dover it almost blew a gale. The sea dashed over the vessel, and it was impossible to stay with comfort in the fore part of her. She did not pitch, but rolled considerably, though, as the steward remarked. it might be called a steady roll. We had a large number of passengers, and many were ill. I should think those in the mail boat would suffer more. We were two hours and a half in crossing, and when we arrived the quick trains were gone, and we only just managed to catch the slow one which followed. Those who had heavy luggage could not have managed it. We were delayed at Ashford for the tidal train from Folkestone to pass, and did not reach town till after eight o'clock.

The next morning we strolled down to

Westminster, thinking it well to compare the Abbey with some of the fine cathedrals which we had seen on our tour. When inside the building the effect was perhaps as good as in any we had visited, but the exterior looked rather poor, as it lacks the rich sculpture with which so many of the foreign cathedrals are adorned. We were glad of the opportunity of seeing the old parish church of St. Margaret's, where we heard Canon Farrar give an address to a small company of policemen at a twelve o'clock service. He dwelt upon our Lord's life at Nazareth, and inculcated the lesson of contentment in a low estate.

After preaching for a friend in the evening at a church in Bethnal Green, I left the next morning for the West, but turned aside for two hours at Twyford to visit Henley, for as I had sailed down the Seine the previous week, I thought it right to become better acquainted with the pleasing scenery of the Thames. Nor was I disappointed, though I believe the finest part of the river is between Maidenhead and Marlow.

Thus our week's tour in France came to an end. We were much favoured as regards the weather and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. It was my companion's first regular holiday for several years. I cannot say the same of myself, and perhaps some may think that to accomplish Normandy and Scotland in one year was rather too much of a good thing; but after all it was only having two very short tours instead of one long one.

If any of your readers contemplate a visit to Normandy I recommend them to read first Katharine Macquoid's interesting work to which I have before referred, and to which I feel much indebted.

## YARMOUTH AND NEIGHBOURHOOD, WITH A VISIT TO SANDRINGHAM.

## 1877.

HE desire to see something of relatives staying at this sea-side resort, rather than the place itself, was the attraction which brought us to it.

There is something, however, to be said for the town and neighbourhood. On our way hither we tarried at Ipswich to see other relatives. It is a pleasant old town, containing some interesting specimens of ancient street architecture and a good arboretum. The country round is well wooded and undulating, and I much enjoyed a walk I took one morning to what is called Gainsborough Lane, from which a pleasing peep is obtained of the river Orwell, which is very broad and picturesque at this point.

Nothing can be more enjoyable than the trip by steamer from Ipswich to Harwich. Nor should I omit to mention that a railway

has just been opened to Felixstow, a quiet watering-place, well adapted for those who like to have the country united with the seaside. The railway is the property of one enterprising gentleman, and it is to be hoped that he will be rewarded for the spirit manifested in the undertaking.

About half-way between Ipswich and Yarmouth is Darsham station, from which Southwold is visited, and on the land side you have, about a mile distant, the pleasant village of Yoxford, which has been called "The Garden of Suffolk." Two miles further on you come to Sibton Abbey, formerly the residence of Cistercian monks, which stands in a wood, and is a favourite place for picnics. But I must not forget that it is of Yarmouth that I have to write.

Though Yarmouth has been called the Brighton of the eastern counties, it is not very well known in distant parts of England. Many of those who seek the eastern coast make for Lowestoft, because they have an idea that Yarmouth is a dirty old town and that there is a fishy smell everywhere. This, however, is not the case. The town itself is by no means to be avoided, and the beach,

with its handsome terraces and hotels, is as free from disagreeable odours as most other seaside places. It contains one of the finest open markets in the kingdom, and the numerous stalls with their white coverings present a striking appearance. At the end of the market place stands St. Nicholas Church, with its handsome tower and spire, said to be the largest parish church in England. The temporary pulpit is more like an enclosed platform, and the vicar (the Rev. G. Venables) is in the habit of walking from one end to the other while preaching. I believe Mr. Spurgeon does this, and the vicar's sermons, as I have been informed, are a little in the style of that popular preacher. Among the objects of interest in the church are the window which was placed at the west end in memory of Sarah Martin, the self-denying laborious prison visitor; a seat made out of the jaw of a whale: and a barrel-shaped revolving reading stand to be seen in the vestry, where some interesting manuscripts are preserved. The "Rows," as they are called, are a striking feature of Yarmouth. They are long narrow passages leading to the water of the harbour, with houses on either side, and are about 150

in number. The quay, with its double row of trees, reminds you of some foreign town. Here we got admission to a private house in which there is an interesting old room where the death of Charles I, is believed to have been determined upon. The old Elizabethan houses are being gradually refaced. One of the most striking objects is the Nelson column, which stands on the beach some distance out of the The statue of Britannia, which crowns it, was by mistake made to face the land instead of the sea. We were told that this so preved upon the mind of the architect that he committed suicide. One of the great attractions of Yarmouth is the aquarium, which is fairly stocked with different varieties of fish, including a seal and an octopus. The peculiar feature of the building is that there is a skating rink above it. The singing in the aquarium at night is an attraction to many, and the piers are well provided with bands. One of the most enjoyable afternoons I spent was at Gorlestone, near the mouth of the harbour, where there is a pleasant beach for bathing under the cliffs.

In company with a relative, who was fond of walking, I made an excursion almost every day. We visited Fritton Broad, as it is called, a beautiful fresh-water lake fringed with woods, and had an enjoyable row in one of the numerous boats provided for visitors. In this excursion we had the assistance of the railway, which took us to a neighbouring station.

Another day we had a walk of several miles to Burgh Castle, one of the most perfect Roman camps in the kingdom, the walls of the extensive fortress being in an excellent state of preservation.

One day I walked alone to Caistor Castle, which is a picturesque ruin with a fine old tower; but my principal object in visiting this village was to see the grave of Sarah Martin, which I discovered with difficulty, as it is only marked by an upright stone standing side by side with many others. It has on it a simple inscription and a text. A sketch of it is found in the life of Sarah Martin, which has been beautifully got up by the Religious Tract Society. I may remark that a feature of this neighbourhood is the number of churches with round towers.

Though my travelling companion and myself had seen Cromer before, we thought it desirable to revisit it by the new railway. The view of the town from the station is very delightful, as at Ilfracombe. The lighthouse hill is a charming spot, and commands a fine view of the surrounding country. The sands here are very good.

I must proceed, however, to describe our two days' excursion, which was really a tour of the northern part of the county of Norfolk.

We left Yarmouth at nine in the morning. The stream of the Yare is very pretty as you approach Norwich, for there is plenty of beautiful wood. We went into the Cathedral, which we had seen before, and were able to join in the first of the Psalms of the day as we stood in the nave. After taking the train, the first place of interest which we passed was Wymondham, where there is an old abbey church, which, with its lofty towers, is well seen from the railway. Here we took the branch line to Wells, but stopped for two hours at East Dereham, where there is an interesting old church containing the grave of the poet Cowper. The inscription on the marble tablet, by Hayley, which I thought worth copying, is as follows:-

"Ye, who with warmth the public triumph feel, Of talents dignified by sacred zeal, Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just, Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust! England, exulting in his spotless fame, Ranks with her dearest sons his fav'rite name; Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise So clear a title to affection's praise; His highest honours to the heart belong, His virtues form the magic of his song."

Here also is Cowper Church, a new Independent chapel, built on the site of the house in which he died. On a slab in front of the chapel is an inscription to the effect that the beloved poet lived here under the care of faithful friends, and here gave up his soul to I should add that there are other God. objects of interest in the parish church. The font is beautifully sculptured, if I remember rightly, with representations of the seven Romish sacraments. During the Heptarchy, Withburga, a king's daughter, founded a monastery here, and was buried in the churchyard, but she now lies in Ely Cathedral. Near her original grave there is an enclosed spring, to which miraculous cures were once attributed, and it was afterwards converted into a bath.

We had only time left for a peep at Wells. a small seaport town, with a spacious harbour. After leaving this place we alighted Holkham, the seat of the Earl of Leicester. It happened to be the first day of the season during which it is opened to the public, and a cricket match was going on, which gave life to the scene. The house is a wide, heavy, low building, designed by Lord Burlington. The principal bedrooms appear to be on the ground-floor. The gardens are well laid out, and there is a very handsome column in the park. I see that since we were there a bust in the house has been identified as that of Thucydides.

We decided to stay the night at Hunstanton, a rising watering-place, situated on the Wash, opposite Boston, in Lincolnshire. It presented an animated scene on our arrival, as a large number of excursionists were about taking their departure for Cambridge, Wisbeach, and other towns. The cliffs are curiously veined. There are large stones on the sands, and we noticed that the young people were mostly armed with poles, with which they leap from one to another. The foundation stone of a convalescent home has just been laid here. It

is to be a memorial of thankfulness for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. We found good accommodation at the Sandringham, a new and handsome hotel.

The next morning, after a bathe, we left before breakfast for Wolferton station in order to visit Sandringham itself. We had been informed that we should find an inn there, but there was nothing of the kind, so after looking through the windows of the handsome waiting rooms built for the Prince and the Royal family, we called at one or two farms, and at last succeeded in getting something in the shape of breakfast. It was not the proper day for seeing Sandringham; moreover, the Princess and the Royal children were there. However. we walked for about two miles along a wide carriage drive with young trees on either side. passing an elevated shooting box on the way, till we came to a more shaded part of the road, where there were fine trees, and soon the little church appeared in view where such earnest prayer was offered for the Prince at the time of his illness. There is nothing remarkable about it, except that it contains a good deal of stained glass. Under the east window there is a very pretty

grave marking the spot where one of the Royal children, who only lived a very short time, is buried. We went into the school, which is occasionally visited by the Princess of Wales, and then were directed to the house of the chief manager of the estate, who received us very courteously, and said he would do the best he could for us, though it was contrary to rule to admit anyone except when the Royal family was absent. Sandringham House is a handsome Elizabethan building, with sloping gardens and well-wooded grounds. The celebrated Norwich gates stand at the principal entrance. We were first taken to the large collection of dogs, including some fine St. Bernards and several Indian dogs without hair. We next visited the shorthorns and other cattle, which were being fattened for Smith-There has been a great sale of stock since we were there. The dairy is a charming little building, containing a pretty room where the Princess sometimes comes to have strawberries and cream. As we were walking about we caught sight of two of the young Princes. All the farms and cottages on the estate, as might be expected, were in excellent order; and I was told that there is no public house to be found. The nearest is the Cock, at Dersingham, to which we hastened to obtain a trap to take us to King's Lynn, where we were to lunch with a friend. We had not started long before a tremendous hailstorm came on, which fairly beat us, and we took shelter under a hedge, thus narrowly escaping a good drenching. On our way we passed Castle Rising, where there are the remains of a Norman fortress.

We found a great deal to see in King's Lynn. Close to the town are fine walks under avenues of lofty trees. Here also is the Lady's Mount, so called from the small Lady Chapel upon it. In another part of the town there is the beautiful Grey Friar's Lantern, an hexagonal tower supported by buttresses, which was erected in the 17th century. There are two large and ancient churches, St. Margaret's and St. Nicholas, the former of which has two west towers, and the latter an elegant porch. There seemed to be a great deal of business going on at the docks. On our way home we passed Swaffham, but could not stop to see the fine parish church.

Our last walk out from Yarmouth was to Lowestoft, about nine miles. We kept along

the cliffs, and thoroughly enjoyed it. At a public house, which we entered for a little refreshment, we saw a library book on the sofa, and were waited on by a respectable young woman, the niece of the landlord, who proved to be a Sunday school teacher connected with a neighbouring chapel. Perhaps some of us, especially in these days of Good Templarism, would have been inclined to say, Can any good thing come out of the Jolly Sailors? but this little incident shows that we must not hastily judge of persons from their circumstances and their surroundings. Shortly afterwards we came to the large and picturesque house of Mr. Colman, whose name is so well known in connection with the mustard which appears daily upon our tables. Between his house and Lowestoft there is a fine undulating furze-covered common intersected by small ravines, and a very pleasant view is obtained from this spot of the sea and the sandy plain called the Deens, or Dunes.

It was not our first visit to Lowestoft. The society is certainly more select here than at Yarmouth, and it is to be preferred for children, as there is more sand. We returned by the road, driving part of the way. It is very

pleasantly shaded for several miles. At a small inn, where we had some tea, the village children gave us the benefit of some songs. Some of them afterwards walked with us for a little distance, and answered well some scriptural and other questions which I put to them. We can recommend the Royal Hotel, where we stayed at Yarmouth. There are a number of pleasant little sitting rooms, with good balconies, and the courtyard with its trees, through which you enter, is very agreeable.

We were only about ten days at Yarmouth, but it will be seen that we managed to make ourselves tolerably well acquainted with the neighbourhood. We had long days, as we were there at the beginning of July. We returned by way of Thetford, Ely, and Cambridge. By leaving Yarmouth at half-past ten in the morning you can be in Bristol by eight o'clock in the evening. Friends of mine have remarked that persons living in the south or south-west of England do well to go north or east, in order to get bracing air.

Perhaps this sketch, tame as it is, of Yarmouth and the neighbourhood, may induce some Cliftonian to try the east coast next year.

## A WEEK IN YORKSHIRE.

1877.

s in the early part of the summer I combined a meeting with relations and a short tour in Norfolk, I resolved

to attempt the same thing later in the year with reference to Yorkshire and Durham. I add the latter county because some of the most interesting spots visited were just beyond the borders of Yorkshire. I refer especially to Barnard Castle and Middleton.

Leaving Bristol by an early train, I spent two hours with a relation in Derby, and then proceeded to Southwell to see the famous minster, which I suppose will have a bishop ere long. I fraternised with a brother clergyman en route, and we went together to the minster, after ordering tea at the Saracen's Head. A Christian church was founded here by Paulinus as far back as 627. The minster has a low central tower, and at the west end

are two towers of the same height. The nave is Norman, with massive pillars, and the rest is early English. The most striking feature is the elaborate carving of foliage in the chapter house. I should mention that the Saracen's Head has a history as being the house where Charles I. surrendered himself to his Scottish adherents, to be afterwards sold by them to Cromwell. There is some interesting old panelling in the coffee room. Bishop Selwyn once stayed here, and wrote some interesting verses, entitled "A Sleepless Night at the Saracen's Head Inn." They end thus:—

"The good, the bad, have had their day,
The Lord hath worked His will;
And England keeps her ancient faith
Purer and brighter still.
Where are they now, the famous men
Who lived in olden time?
They never see the noonday sun,
Nor hear the midnight chime.
They sleep within their narrow cell,
Waiting the trumpet's voice:
Lord, grant that I may rest in peace,
And, when I wake, rejoice."

As I could not reach my destination that night, I slept at Newark, and was glad of the opportunity of seeing the church and castle perpendicularly, and the fishing boats are drawn up by a steam engine. The tide was too high to admit of our entering the caves. A good view of Flamborough is obtained from Bridlington. The old priory church is a handsome edifice. Dr. Blakenev, the vicar, for whom I preached in the evening, was formerly at Birkenhead, and is pretty well known as the author of a work on the Praver Book, and also as a champion of Protestant principles. He has a great many services going on throughout the Sunday in mission rooms and in the open air, as well as in the church. He would be thankful for any assistance towards the restoration of his church. which is absolutely needed.

On Monday morning I left for Filey, where I spent about two hours. The day was dull, but there was a fine view of the sea breaking over the Brigg, a line of rocks extending halfa-mile into the sea, and which is dry at low water. The church is separated from the town by a deep ravine, which is crossed by a bridge. The crescent slopes down from the hill, and has gardens in front. The place wore rather a desolate aspect, as the season was nearly over.

In the course of the afternoon I took the train to Scarborough, to meet a relation who was to be my travelling companion for the week. It is pleasant to visit a place for the second time, as there is no call to rush about seeing the principal objects of interest; you can leisurely take a calm survey of the whole. After depositing our small bags at the Grand Hotel, which is the most conspicuous object in Scarborough, we strolled to the North Bay, and peeped into the old church, which stands near the ruins of the castle. It is often a mistake to dine at table d'hôte when the days are short and the sun sets between six and seven. You thus miss the last hour of daylight. On this occasion, accordingly, we made the best use of the day, and dined when it was dark. As a matter of course we afterwards walked along the Spa Terrace, which was crowded with visitors, and was furnished with a band at either end. The bridge, or viaduct by which it is approached is one of the principal ornaments in the town. We afterwards visited the new aquarium, where a sort of concert was going on, but there were comparatively few visitors, and I should fear it may prove a failure. It is a very elaborate building, the arches being rather after the Alhambra fashion, and the variegated character of the bricks is very striking. Many of the best houses stand on the brow of an embankment thickly covered with shrubs and trees, and one way of reaching them from the sand is by a sort of lift or tram carriage which runs on a railway almost perpendicular, for which steam is employed. Scarborough is generally regarded as a "fast" place. Balls and return balls are continually going on in connexion with the different hotels. We left it at about ten o'clock on Tuesday for Whitby.

The railway from Pickering is one of the most picturesque lines in England, running through a series of narrow dales until it reaches the valley of the Esk.

The town of Whitby is enclosed between precipitous cliffs, and is divided into two parts by the Esk. The east cliff is crowned by the famous abbey of St. Hilda, a considerable portion of which remains standing, and is still a beautiful object. The church near is quite filled with pews and galleries, and it has been remarked that its interior is strongly suggestive of a ship's cabin. All the modern houses are on the west cliff, from which you have very

fine views of the coast, with its bold headlands. There is a good stone pier, as at Bridlington. During the past summer the visitors, including several Cliftonians, have been favoured with the ministrations of the Revds. Pigou and Everard, who have preached and held Bible readings. A lady from Clifton was also engaged in evangelistic work on the sands.

We were informed that there is not as much real jet obtained in Whitby as in past times. This reminds me that in quiet Filey there was a shop filled with ladies' hats entirely made of birds' feathers, and there had been a pretty brisk sale of them during the season. The seller did not think that, under existing regulations, there was cruelty in obtaining the birds for this purpose. I believe there are many pleasant walks and drives near Whitby, but we were off next morning to Stockton. We had a fine hilly country nearly all the way.

On arriving at Stockton we found that the most convenient train to take us to Darlington started from a station at the other end of the town. This gave us an opportunity of seeing something of the place. The main street is extremely wide, and the market is held in it. At Darlington station we came across the

Rev. Canon Clayton, who was on his way to the ordination at Ripton, as he is one of the examining chaplains. It was interesting to have travelled along the Stockton and Darlington railway, as it was, I believe, the first opened. The jubilee of the event was celebrated in 1875. Twelve miles an hour was looked upon with wonder in 1825. At one of the Darlington stations, which is under Quaker management, we could obtain sherry, but not beer; accordingly we took a glass of ginger wine, for which we were charged sixpence.

Our destination was Richmond. At Croft. the first station out of Darlington, there were signs of life, as the place is resorted to on account of its mineral waters. At Catterick Bridge, just on this side of Richmond, we were not far from Hornby Castle, the seat of the Duke of Leeds. Richmond is on the Swale. and is one of the most picturesquely-placed towns in England. Close to the river, on a tall cliff, are the great pinnacled keep, a hundred feet high, and other remains of a The parish church and Norman castle. grammar school are interesting objects on the way from the station, just before the ascent into the town. We found the place somewhat

lively, as a bazaar was being held in behalf of a neighbouring church. Trinity Church, near the castle, is built over shops.

Having sent on our bags by rail from Darlington to Barnard Castle, we thought of taking a conveyance from Richmond as far as Rokeby, and then walking, to avoid going back to Darlington by train. It turned out, however, that there was not a single carriage of any kind to be had that day in Richmond, so we contented ourselves with exploring the neighbourhood till it was time for the train to take us to Darlington. We found the walk from Richmond to Easby Abbey very pleasant. It follows the course of the river, and the bank is well wooded. The abbey is delightfully situated, and is an extensive and picturesque ruin. After partaking of tea in a neighbouring cottage we made our way back to the station, and took the train for Darlington and Barnard Castle, which we reached about eight o'clock. and found that our bags had arrived safely. The King's Head, in the main street, is a tolerably comfortable inn. Opposite the house there is a watchmaker named Humphrey, and it is with this shop that Dickens's "Master Humphrey's Clock" is associated. The next morning, Thursday, we made for the station by a very pleasant road through a dingle, and started by the eight o'clock train for Middleton-in-Teesdale, which, like Barnard Castle, is on the Durham side of the Tees. As we passed over a lofty viaduct we had a beautiful view of the river, and Barnard Castle in the distance. Soon afterwards Romaldkirk is passed, which is charmingly situated.

As we got near to Middleton our train was well filled, as it was the great fair of the year at that place. We found a waggonette ready to take us at once to High Force. Our only travelling companions were a young man and woman. We could not quite make out whether they were husband and wife. It was a clear. crisp morning, and the drive was a charming We got a view of Winch Bridge, a small suspension bridge, said to be the earliest of its kind in England, if not in Europe. At the High Force Inn we left our conveyance, and walked through a wood to view the waterfall. It is about seventy feet in height, and the whole scene is most striking. Sometimes the rush of water is divided into two portions by a piece of rock which rises in the middle. viewing the fall, we were driven two miles

further to Langdon Beck, and then started on foot to visit Cauldron Snout. We were told of a short cut, but were afraid to try it, as the ground appeared to be boggy, and we were not quite sure of the route. The regular road was up a steep hill, and when we had passed a lead mine we found that we had to strike across the fells, which looked very wild and dreary. There were guide posts at intervals to point out the way, and they seemed as if they would never come to an end. We picked our way as well as we could, but were often over shoetops in water or bog. After nearly an hour's walk of this character, we at length arrived at the Snout, which was tolerably full of water. The fall is 200 feet high, and it is said that nowhere else in England is there so deep a fall upon so large a stream. A narrow plank bridge crosses the river over the waterfall. The whole scene is grand and impressive. We were in doubt whether to descend among the splintered rocks and follow the bed of the river. or return by the way we came; but, as our time was limited, we thought it safer to take the latter course. By walking at the rate of four miles an hour, we managed to reach our conveyance at Langdon Beck just in time to

allow of our meeting the train at Middleton about half-past two. On our way we met the young couple before referred to just starting for the *Snout*, but I hardly think they would reach it.

On arriving at Barnard Castle we did not lose much time, but took a trap which we had had the precaution to secure in the morning, in order to visit Wycliffe and Rokeby. Just outside the town we got down to have a peep at a splendid museum and picture gallery which is being erected by a Mr. Bowes. foundation stone was laid by the Countess Montalbo (Mrs. Bowes), in 1869. The roof rather resembles those of Continental public buildings, and the interior will be unequalled in Europe. Mr. Bowes has a valuable collection of works of art ready for the building. The direct road to Wycliffe is not particularly interesting, and it was rather wet. The church. which is covered with ivy, stands close to the Tees, and it is altogether a very lovely spot. The chief interest attaching to the place is its association with Wycliffe, the "Morning Star of the Reformation," who is said to have been born here in 1324. We could not get to see a celebrated portrait of the Reformer which

belongs to the parsonage as an heirloom, because the house had been lately left by the former vicar and the new one had not come. We understood that the portrait was locked up in one of the rooms. We had just time left to see Rokeby.

On arriving at the Morrit Arms Inn we arranged for our conveyance to go on and meet us after we had walked through the grounds. We had a guide, who pointed out the various objects of interest, including the arbour, high up above the river, where Scott wrote Rokeby. We lingered some time at the spot where the Greta forms a junction with the Tees. Here one of the gamekeepers was trying in vain to land a salmon. Huge blocks of stone lie in the channel of the stream, and nothing could be more picturesque than the view from this place. One part of the scenery of Rokeby is thus described by Scott:—

"The cliffs that rear their haughty head High o'er the river's darksome bed Were now all naked, wild, and grey, Now waving all with green-wood spray. Their arms to every crevice clung, And o'er the dell their branches hung. And there, all splintered and uneven, The shivered rocks ascend to heaven."

It was now getting dark, so we joined our conveyance again to drive to Barnard Castle. From the Abbey Bridge, at it is called, you have a very fine view of the Tees, and Egglestone Abbey itself stands very picturesquely above the bridge. We could just see the outline of the ruins in the twilight. We found the Duke of Beaufort's steward staying at our inn, on a fishing excursion, and had some conversation with him. We had seen very little of Barnard castle itself, so we took a walk underneath the castle early the next morning, and then started at eight o'clock for Kirkby Stephen, on the way to Settle. The train rushed down a steep incline into the former place. As we had to wait an hour here and change stations, we went into the town, which stands on the banks of the Eden. and has an interesting old church. scenery is somewhat grand all around. next stage was on the new Settle and Carlisle line of the Midland Railway. We passed near the source of the Ribble, and the country generally is wild and mountainous.

Settle is a quiet, clean little town, and close to it is the famous Giggleswick School, which is very pleasantly situated. The school buildings are mostly new. We knew a boy there, but could not disturb him as he was in class.

We then took the rail to Skipton, in order to see Bolton Abbey, which I had long wished to accomplish. We thought it best to send on our bags to Ilkley, so that we might be free for a long afternoon's walk. After lunch we started for the abbey, which was about six miles distant, without waiting to inspect the castle or church. There is nothing special to remark about this road. For a portion of the way we made a detour through the fields, thus saving half-a-mile, and soon afterwards some youths who were passing in a dog cart offered us a lift for the last mile, which we accepted. The far-famed ruin which we had come to see is called a priory in the guide-books, though we are accustomed to speak of it as Bolton Abbey. It stands on the banks of the Wharfe. in the centre of a beautiful landscape. situation has been compared to that of Tintern. but it is not quite as confined. The building is perhaps somewhat less picturesque, inasmuch as the nave has been restored and is regularly used for service. There are some fragments of tracery still clinging to the arch of the great east window in the choir. A beautiful view of the priory is obtained from some rising ground at a short distance from it. At this point four graceful bends of the river are discerned. After viewing the priory we made for the Strid, about two miles beyond. There is a carriage road all the way, and the woods are very delightful. The Strid is a contraction of the channel of the Wharfe. It receives its name from the ledges of rock by which the torrent is hemmed in, being here so near to each other that it is possible to stride across, though the attempt is not unattended with danger.

It was after six when we returned to the Devonshire Arms, a little beyond the priory, but the moon was rising; so after partaking of some refreshment we set off to walk to Ilkley, which we reached a little before nine o'clock. The distance is about five miles. Daylight would have been better for the fine scenery on this road. As we walked through the village of Addingham they were practising tunes on the church bells, and the effect was most charming in the stillness of the moonlight night. It was very pleasant to reach our hotel at Ilkley, as we had had a long day of it, and must have walked altogether nearly twenty miles. Our

bags had arrived by train. We had a pleasant walk to Ben Rhydding and back the next morning, which was Saturday. It was not my first visit to Ilkley, which is sometimes called the Malvern of the North, and is very well situated on the side of a hill not far from the Wharfe. It is a growing place, but more houses are being built than are really required.

Our Yorkshire tour was now over. We took the train to Leeds, and here my relative and myself separated, he going into Lincolnshire for the Sunday and I into Lancashire, on my way to Preston. That Saturday afternoon I remained an hour in Manchester to visit the new Town Hall. It had been thrown open to the public for two or three hours, and thousands were streaming through it to view the magnificent apartments. It has been described as "one of the noblest buildings of the kind that the world has ever seen, and one of the finest examples of Gothic architecture adapted to civic uses." Externally the building is of brick cased with stone, and There are ten there is a fine central tower. ringing bells and carillon chimes. Over each of the dials of the clock stands the figure of an angel, and the words of the Psalmist, "Teach us to number our days," are carved in stone on three sides of the tower. Exquisite taste has been displayed in the interior, and the chimney pieces especially arrest attention. When all the decorations have been completed the grand total will not fall far short of £800,000.

The scenery of Yorkshire is hardly surpassed by any other county, and you have the great benefit of bracing air. I omitted to state that an interesting illustrated work by two ladies, Sunday school teachers, has lately been published by Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., entitled "Rambles in Teesdale." It is well for us from time to time to explore the beauties and antiquities of our own country instead of thinking it necessary to be continually visiting the Continent.

"A fairer isle than Britain
Never sun viewed in his wide career,
A lovely spot for all that life can ask.
Its hills are green, its woods and prospects fair.
To crown the whole, in one delightful word,
It is our home, our native isle."

## A VISIT TO THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

## 1878.

Fair, but when asked by a friend to make one of a party of three I gladly consented.

We left London one Monday afternoon and slept at Dover. The new twin-ship, the Calais-Douvres, by which we had hoped to cross the channel, was in dock, having met with an accident, so we went by the ordinary steamer, which was somewhat crowded, as there were 360 passengers. There was a slight swell, and a few ladies suffered in consequence. On arriving at Calais we provided ourselves with lunch to eat on the way to Paris, though there is generally time for a hasty meal at the buffet. The train was full, and we had pleasant travelling companions.

We reached Paris about twenty minutes after time, and I believe a fine is inflicted when

this is the case. We had a long drive to Miss Shedlock's, 68, Rue Singer Passy, which was the abode secured for us through the kindness of a young lady friend from Clifton residing in Paris. We saw something of the boulevards, and passed some fine churches en route. As we drew nearer to our destination we had a fine view of the Arc de Triomphe and the We soon found ourselves in a Trocadéro. pleasant boarding-house, and just in time for the seven o'clock table d'hôte. We were to pay fifteen francs a day each. Our residence was close to the Passy Station of the Ceinture Railway—corresponding to our Metropolitan -and very near the starting place for trams and omnibuses.

We went into Paris the first morning, and after lunching in the Palais Royal spent the afternoon at the Exhibition. It is hardly necessary to attempt a minute discription of this wonderful building and its contents; this has been given by others.

The chief interest naturally centres in the large temporary erection which is separated from the permanent one, called the Trocadéro, by the Bridge of Jena, which spans the Seine. The latter is on rising ground, and has two

narrow lofty towers, which are seen from a very great distance. A fine cascade falls into the grounds from the terrace, in front of the great concert hall, and you look down upon beautiful gardens and a large number fanciful buildings belonging to different nations, each of which contains its special attractions. There is also an aquarium in an underground grotto, which is likely to escape notice if not specially pointed out. From this part a good view is obtained of the large palace of glass across the Seine, with its handsome and beautifully ornamented façade. As you draw near you are confronted at the base of the building by twenty-two colossal female statues. personifying various nationalities. On entering, your attention is arrested by a somewhat remarkable clock, standing in the centre of the grand vestibule, which keeps in circular motion a globe representing the earth, which is suspended from the roof. A little beyond is a large equestrian statue of the Prince of Wales, who has won golden opinions from the French in connection with the Exhibition. In this same vestibule the Prince's Indian presents and the Crown diamonds of France, valued at thirty millions, and about to be sold, if rumour is

correct, attract crowds throughout the day. On the walls magnificent tapestry meets the eye, and at one end the lofty and elegant Canadian trophy is a most pleasing object.

To describe the apparently interminable passages with the beauties displayed on either side would be impossible. The furniture exhibited by England and France is simply exquisite. England may be said to hold her own in the art section, and in most of the other departments. There is a rare collection of china and glass. The Japanese Court will well repay a visit. Some of the finest pictures are to be found in the rooms set apart for Austria and Spain. The toys appeared to be very attractive. The City of Paris has a portion of the building entirely to itself, and it has been remarked that the other districts of France have contributed comparatively little to the Exhibition.

The avenue containing specimen structures, exhibiting different styles of domestic architecture, is most interesting. In one of them are the private rooms of the Prince and Princess of Wales, most exquisitely furnished. Tickets of admission are to be obtained from Mr. Cunliffe Owen, at the offices of the British

Commissioners, in the Rue Suffren, close to the Exhibition.

I came across some of the Bristol exhibits. There is a tasteful display of cocoa from Mr. Frv's establishment. The Bristol Waggon Works exhibit some lightly-constructed carts, and a locomotive turned out by Fox & Walker is conspicuous in the machinery department. I made a point of finding out the cases of Bibles and other books exhibited by the Bible. Tract, Pure Literature, Sunday School Union, and other societies. We were somewhat struck There were no by the absence of music. organs playing and no bands, with the exception of a small Hungarian band in a café at the side of the large building. There is an English buffet and several others; but, as far as I could make out, the only suitable dining place is the French restaurant in a remote corner of the grounds, at the back of the Exhibition. Near here I heard a pretty carillon of forty-four bells. The building closes at six, but the grounds are open till nine.

I believe all the English exhibitors absent themselves on the Sunday, the Lord's Day Observance Society having been instrumental in securing united action. Admission is only to be had by tickets, which are easily procured in different parts of Paris and near the Exhibition. Drivers are always paid *en route*, or when you engage them, to avoid delay when you arrive.

The Exhibition may be approached by road, river, or rail. One inconvenience as regards carriages is that very few hold more than two persons. How Paterfamilias manages to get about with his wife and daughters I do not know. We were in the building on Whit Monday, when there were nearly 200,000 visitors, but on other days the place was not crowded, so great is its extent. Plans of the Exhibition were to be had in great numbers, but we did not attempt to procure catalogues, as I imagine a separate and somewhat bulky volume is required for the different departments.

I did not revisit Paris, however, simply with the intention of seeing the Exhibition. There were old and new sights to be seen, and I was also desirous of becoming acquainted with some of the Evangelistic agencies which abound in the gay and, I fear I must add, godless city.

One day was spent at Versailles. Here we

managed to get into the Chamber of Deputies, and heard a speech from M. Waddington, the French Foreign Minister. We also had a very good view of Gambetta. Most of the objects of interest were duly visited, including the Great and Little Trianon, a name given to certain buildings and gardens which have most interesting historical associations.

One morning was devoted to St. Cloud, to which we went by river. It was painful to look from the shady terraces upon the ruins of the palace, showing the terrible desolation wrought by the misguided Communists. The morning was most enjoyable as regards the weather, which was somewhat changeable during our visit. The panorama of the siege, near the Champs Elysées, is well worthy of a visit. You see at a glance the city and its environs as they appeared when the Prussians were encamped around and were throwing in their shells.

There is an immense amount of scaffolding on the site of the Hotel de Ville, showing that it is being rapidly rebuilt. I believe the rebuilding of the Tuileries is also to be undertaken. Our visit was brightened by the company of the young lady already referred to,

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who pointed out to us many of the leading objects of interest both in the city and the Exhibition. We did not omit to visit the Louvre and the Hotel des Invalides and the principal churches.

The good works which are being carried on in Paris are too numerous to be enlarged upon. We visited Miss Leigh's homes for governesses, servants, and children, and I myself made a special pilgrimage to Belleville to see the work among the Communists which is being carried on by Miss de Broen and the English ladies associated with her. Her residence is 14, Rue Piat, out of the Grande Rue de Belleville. A Clifton lady shewed me the iron room for meetings, and took me to several of the neighbouring poor. There is also a dispensary. The work is growing, and larger premises have just been secured. Mr. McAll has twenty-two preaching stations in different quarters of the city, some of which I visited. The special work connected with the Exhibition consists of preaching in the Salle Evangelique, erected near the Trocadéro entrance, and the distribution of Bibles and tracts which goes on here and at the entrance in the Avenue Rapp.

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Near the Trocadéro there is an English reading room, where all the London papers are to be had, together with tea and coffee. This is connected with the Coffee Tavern Company. There are extra services at the two English Churches, and a list of special preachers is printed. The American Episcopal Church is also united with them in these services.

I should have stated that there are several mission agencies in connection with the Rue d'Agueseau Church, of which Dr. Forbes is minister.

We were only eight days in Paris, and returned by Boulogne, staying a night there. We had a rough passage across the channel, but were not the worse for it.

I do not think that a visit to Paris need cost more than one pound or twenty-five shillings a-day, including the journey to and fro, if strict economy is exercised.

We ascertained that bed and breakfast are to be obtained for seven francs a-day at Madame Cognet's, 17, Rue Franklin Passy, close to the Trocadéro. A good dinner can be had for two and a half francs at the Palais Royal, and the establishments conducted by Duval in various parts of the city are specially intended for those whose means are limited. When driving to the Bois de Boulogne we passed Cook's boarding-house, which is pleasantly and conveniently situated.

As I am leaving home again for a short time, it has suited me best to strike off this somewhat meagre account of a visit to the Exhibition immediately after my return, instead of delaying in order to produce a more elaborate and finished description. Your readers must accept it for what it is worth.

## TEN DAYS AT ILFRACOMBE.

1878.

short sojourn in this well-known spot is not so much to describe the place itself, as to shew what a variety of excursions may be made from it.

As to Ilfracombe itself, I do not think any watering-place in England is more beautifully situated, whether you regard the cliff or the inland scenery. It is always refreshing to look upon the lofty Torrs covered with rich verdure, and then to look across the romantically-situated town to the noble rock of Hillsborough, casting a glance at the same time upon the Capstone and Lantern hills.

The bathing coves, approached by tunnels, are very picturesque, and there can be no more agreeable promenades than those afforded by the Capstone and the Torrs walks. The Ilfracombe Hotel, at which we stayed, is in a

very choice position, close to the water. But I would proceed to speak of the excursions.

Having occasion to visit Dulverton, in Somerset—itself pleasantly situated—instead of going direct to Barnstaple, I went round by Lynton, a place no one is ever tired of visiting. The coach and its passengers are usually photographed before starting, and this was the case that morning.

For several miles the road keeps near the sea, and fine views are obtained of Hele, Watermoùth, and Combemartin. The coach then goes inland, and presently you descend by a precipitous hill into Parracombe, where a new church is being built to replace one which is old and decayed. Small contributions are received towards this object in a box which hangs outside the door of the little inn at which the coach stops. The drive from Parracombe to Lynton is very fine, rich masses of wood rising out of deep verdant valleys being the leading feature. and Lynmouth have been called the Switzerland of England, but the scenery has probably been more correctly described as Pyrenean in character. Lynmouth is separated from Lynton by a hill five hundred feet in height. The rich foliage and the rushing streams are its great charm. There is a delightful winding walk through the grounds of the Castle Hotel, Lynton, down into Lynmouth. In the evening I witnessed a glorious sunset from the Valley of Rocks, which is the great object of interest at Lynton. It was pleasant not to have to return to Ilfracombe the same day, which is the general custom of visitors.

The next morning, at half-past seven, I took the coach to Barnstaple, which goes over the Ilfracombe road as far as Parracombe. There is a very steep hill at Loxhore, a few miles this side of Barnstaple. I met with a gentleman who, when he was staying at Ilfracombe, went to Barnstaple for the night and walked the next day to Lynmouth, a distance of thirty miles. He did not take the direct route, but went through Simon's Bath, a favourite place of resort in the centre of Exmoor.

A steamer goes to Lundy Island every Friday during the summer, and of this I availed myself. We had a tolerably calm passage and landed in a boat without much difficulty. There were not many passengers. Rather heavy rain came on just after our

arrival, and nearly wet us through as we climbed the hill to reach "The Stores." a sort of general shop which takes the place of an inn. This put me in mind of what I have read of emigrant life. Beer and cider are sold there, but no spirits. We visited the lighthouse, which is always an object of interest. There are some picturesque rocks at various points on the coast, but we only saw some of The island rather reminded me of Sark, near Guernsey. The estate, which is now on sale, is the property of a Mr. Heaven, whose son is a clergyman, and conducts a service every Sunday evening for the benefit of the forty or fifty residents. The pasturage is good. We got a fair idea of the island during the three hours we were upon it.

One morning, having occasion to visit Braunton, we drove to it through Morthoe, passing Woollacombe and over Challacombe Hill—which is very steep—into Georgeham, a village with a fine church and beautiful trees. There we were glad to shelter from a heavy thunderstorm. Braunton itself is pleasantly embosomed in green hills, and the church and churchyard are objects of interest. Some of your readers will remember that the remains

of the Rev. J. M. Brown, formerly curate of Clifton, are interred here. We returned home by the direct road, which is very pretty as you approach Ilfracombe.

One of the favourite excursions from Ilfracombe is that to Clovelly. The steamer goes every Monday. I had visited this charming spot more than once, and did not care to go this time.

Towards the end of our short sojourn at Ilfracombe a friend joined us who has often been my travelling companion, and on the three days he was with me, we had three very fair walks. Croyde was our destination the first day, a small bathing-place at the other side of Baggy Point, between Ilfracombe and Barnstaple. Our first stage was Lee, only two or three miles distant. It is situated near the sea in a wooded valley, and the coast scenery is very pretty. We afterwards struck across the fields to Morthoe, which stands above Morte Bay, and is much visited. black rugged rocks are the striking feature here. Our course now lay across Woollacombe sands, which are two miles in length, and we much enjoyed the refreshing breeze which we found there. A narrow Devonshire lane led us across the neck of Baggy Point into Croyde. The sands, near which are several lodging-houses, are about a mile from the village. A walk of three miles brought us to Braunton, and here we took the train to Ilfracombe. The line passes through varied scenery, and there are many steep gradients and curves.

The next day we determined to make a pilgrimage to Bowden Farm, where Bishop Jewell was born. Leaving the coast at Hele, we went by an inland road to Berrynarbor, about four miles from Ilfracombe, and then up a steep lane to the farm. It is quite isolated at the top of a green hill, and is approached through a small copse. ceilings, as might be expected, are very low, and the chimneys very big, which is generally the case in Devonshire. Berrynarbor is pleasantly situated, and you look down from it upon Watermouth and the sea. I took the trouble to copy out an inscription which I found in the church to the memory of the daughter of a former vicar, who died when young in the year 1648. In these lines she is quaintly and beautifully compared to a marigold. I quote one or two of them :-

This orient plant retains its guise
With splendent Sol to set and rise;
E'en so this virgin Marie rose,
In life soon nipt, in death fresh grows;
With Christ her light she set in paine,
By Christ her lord she'll rise again.

After leaving the church, we descended to Watermouth, which is famous for its modern ivy-covered castle and caves, and a short walk from this place brought us through Hele to Ilfracombe.

Our longest walk was reserved for the last day. Lynton was to be our destination. We had thought of going by the coach as far as Combemartin, but as it was full we took a conveyance to Watermouth just to give us a start, and then we walked into Combemartin, cutting off a corner by availing ourselves of a field path. On reaching the village we left the coach road and walked over Nutcombe Hill at the back of the Hangman Hills, as they are called, into Trentishoe, having a cliff road for a part of the way. We then descended a steep and wooded ravine to the "Hunter's Inn," on the banks of the Parracombe stream.

The scenery here is most striking. We then followed the stream towards the sea through a narrow rocky gorge, the extremity of which is called Hedden's Mouth. As we now took the cliff path we did not go by Martinhoe, from which place Hillbrook Coombe and Hillbrook are best approached. I find that a writer in *Good Words*, many years ago, beautifully compares the brook to a truant child, and of the hill he says:—

"I needs must stop and worship—not
The hill, but Him who crown'd
And thron'd it here to rule this spot
And all the country round:
A mighty, everlasting hill,
That shuts the view—the eye doth fill."

And afterwards, addressing the brook, he adds:—

"But seems it not an awful thing To thee to play before a king?"

The walk by the cliffs was most enjoyable. After passing Woodabay, a delightfully shaded spot, we took a wrong turn inland, which brought us to an apparently interminable wood, and when we arrived at some cottages we were told that our best course would be to retrace our steps. This we did, and after a pleasant walk past Lee Abbey, we entered the Valley of Rocks and were soon at Lynton. At Lynmouth our charming walk of about

eighteen miles came to an end, and we took the steamer to Ilfracombe. It kept close under the cliffs, consequently we had a good view of the coast and saw something of the rocks and caves of Combemartin, which are thought well worthy of a visit.

If this rough sketch of the way in which I spent a few days at Ilfracombe is in the least degree useful to any future visitor, I shall be amply repaid for the little trouble taken in preparing it for your Paper.

E. AUSTIN AND SON, PRINTERS, CHRONICLE OFFICE, CLIFTON.





